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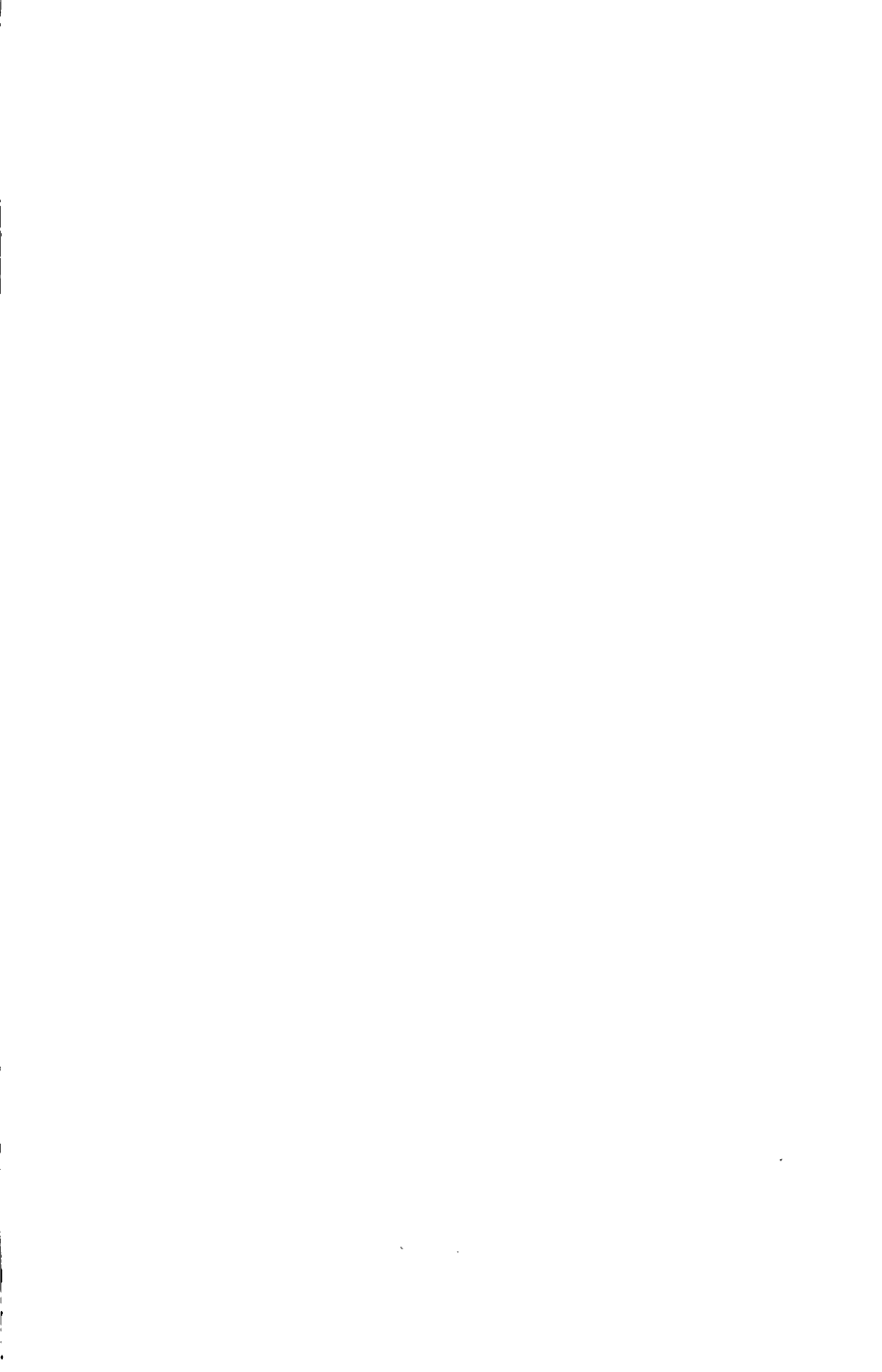
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TORYISM AND THE TORY DEMOCRACY.

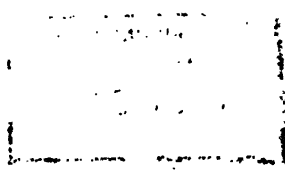
TORYISM AND THE TORY DEMOCRACY.

BY

STANDISH O'GRADY,

Ex-Scholar Trinity College, Dublin,

AUTHOR OF "HISTORY OF IRELAND."



LONDON: CHAPMAN AND HALL,
LIMITED.
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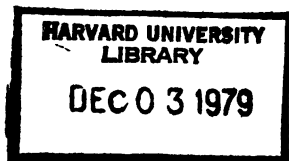
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Dedication.

TO LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL.

MY LORD,

You have been the first amongst our public men honestly to acknowledge the political and social transformations effected by the rapid advance of Democracy in the present age. Hitherto your action has been clogged and embarrassed, and is now, by men who seem quite incapable of admitting, much less of understanding the plain laws which to-day govern the situation. When your hands are once more free, I feel confident that, as you frankly recognised the strength of these new dominant forces, so you will handle them wisely and courageously, directing towards noble ends and along legitimate channels the fierce revolutionary energies of these times.

STANDISH O'GRADY

PREFACE.

THE real nature and essential tendencies of any party, as of any man, are best seen when all external and hostile pressure has been removed. Radicalism—what it means—will only be properly understood when it shall have put all opposing influences under its feet. Of dominant Radicalism we have had no example in English history. Ere the century ends we will probably have such an example, and it will be found to mean anarchy.

Toryism dominant we have known—to our sorrow. The opening of the century reveals to us Toryism of the unregenerate, undeveloped type sovereign in these countries. A Tory party, basing itself upon the defence of property, tends steadily towards the revival of such a stupid tyranny as that which I have endeavoured to depict in the first portion of this book. There would, however, be a difference—a difference for the worse. The elder dominant Toryism was worked by noblemen and gentlemen. Latter-day Toryism, unleavened by any generous democratic idea, would, if successful, exhibit a much uglier form of tyranny—the plutocratic—a tyranny worked by the mean rich, by their kept editors and kept politicians.

The good citizen, these times, will not favour a party which, basing itself on property alone and the retention of the *status quo*, moves inevitably in the direction of a corrupt plutocratic despotism. Neither will he support a party which, basing itself upon its hostility to property, moves as inevitably towards anarchy and the disruption of all things.

Within the ranks of Conservatism there is being formed a Tory party of the future—the Tory Democratic—of which, politically at least, I hope to see Lord Randolph Churchill the leader, a party which will maintain the solidarity of the nation, restrain class warfare, and base itself upon the intention to achieve the solid good of the people, through the wise employment of national and Imperial resources.

But the Tory Democratic idea is not altogether political. It has a private individual sphere too, greater and more promising than that open to the statesman, and which would afford infinite help to the statesman. That private sphere, ever open to rank and wealth, I have in the third portion of my book suggested as the proper field of exertion for the upper classes in my own country. The reader, however, will perceive that such a sphere lies open everywhere for men endowed with the necessary public spirit and with adequate private means.

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TORYISM AND THE TORY DEMOCRACY.

Part I.—The Dawning Century.

CHAPTER I.

THE ACT OF UNION.

JANUARY 1, 1801.—Loud announcement by the cannon's mouth that an Act, which had already passed successfully through the Parliaments of Great Britain and Ireland, and received the Royal assent, is now law. An Act of some moment in history.

The preamble recites that, in order to promote and secure the essential interests of Great Britain and Ireland, and to consolidate the strength, power, and resources of the British Empire, it is advisable to concur in such measures as may best tend to unite the two Kingdoms of Great Britain and Ireland into one Kingdom, in such manner as, etc., etc.

ARTICLE I.—That the said Kingdoms of Great

Britain and Ireland shall upon the first day of January which shall be in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and one be and for ever be united as one Kingdom.

ARTICLE II.—That the succession to the Crown shall continue as at present.

ARTICLE III.—That there shall be one Parliament for the United Kingdom.

ARTICLE IV.—That Ireland's proportion of the Imperial Parliament shall consist of 4 Peers spiritual and 28 Peers temporal in the Imperial House of Lords, and of 100 members in the Imperial House of Commons. Irish Peers not members of the Imperial House of Lords may sit in the Lower Chamber as representatives of English constituencies.

ARTICLE V.—That the Churches of England and Ireland be united into one Protestant Episcopal Church, to be called the United Church of England and Ireland.

ARTICLE VI.—(1) That the King's subjects in Great Britain and Ireland shall be on the same footing as to bounties and encouragements on the same articles, and generally in respect to trade and navigation, and in all treaties with foreign powers shall have the same privileges.

(2) That no duty shall be charged on the export of articles from one country into the other, save only upon certain excepted articles mentioned

in the schedule, which shall be subject to none but countervailing duties for a period of twenty years. But the existing duty on woollen manufactures is to continue the same, and it is provided that salt, hops, and coals, on their importation from England into Ireland, are not to be subject to *burthens* exceeding the present.

If we now turn to the schedules we see revealed at a glance the vast grinding and all-pervasive tyranny exercised by the rulers of both countries upon the ruled, of the consumers upon the makers, the eaters upon the producers. Untaxed themselves, the men who hold the land and fill the Parliaments and flourish the King's name, now as a whip to chastise, now as a sacred symbol to overawe, have with lynx eyes peered through and through the varied domain of industry and upon every exercise of human ingenuity or human toil, exact their share and lay what the Act happily calls *burthens*. "As if industry were some wild beast of the chase for the mighty hunters of the earth to pursue," slay, and flay. For the King is no more, and the People is not yet, and we are sovereign and irresponsible, and all that man makes we will tax, dropping at times a decorous tear as we take our share, as if driven thereto by a sad, inflexible necessity and terming it a "*burthen*." There in the schedules lies the long strange list of the things taxed by our Parliaments, English and Irish, over

and above the great rent-tax. Beer, bricks, and tiles, candles, chocolate, and soap, cyder, glass, perry, and hops. On leather especially how severe are we and how knowing:—leather dressed and undressed, goatskin, sheepskin, and lambskin, skin of horses, skin of mares, and to stop a hole through which acute rascals might escape, the skin of geldings, and however “tawed,” and whether with salt, alum, or mead. Even the pelt of the *felis domesticus* is caught and taxed in an all and sundry provision. The mighty hunters of the earth must get their cut, too, from the skin of puss. Mead, and metheglin—query, do they differ?—all papers, and whether white or brown or whited-brown, except “elephant” and cartridge papers for war, for we are now very warlike, fighting those who late hunted our brethren, the hunting chivalry of Gaul, 2½d. the pound, and for every pound weight of books 2d., for indeed we are not very discriminating in literature nor very friendly to the same (books at the best seem to suggest a Jacobin strain), and all wall-papers, stained or unstained. Calicoes stained—we spell the word with two ls—7d. yer yard over and above the duties payable on the unstained article; muslins, linen stuffs, silk, Irish salt 10s. the bushel, ribbons!—even our handmaidens must pay us if they will be gay. Silk stuffs, two-thirds of the weight, and one-third of the weight of crape, with a gracious reduction for gum and dress, taxed

elsewhere. And the silk ribbons and stockings, the gloves and fringe-lacing, and silk thread, all and sundry, and those mixed with inkle (?) and cotton. How the stern old Hebrew who watched askance the daughters of Zion as they went bravely would have been delighted to see this day had certain other sights been denied him. Spirits, of course, but as yet only 5s. 1½d. the gallon, verjuice and vinegar, wines of all sorts, sweets, not confectionery but such drinkables as Mrs. Primrose made from garden produce, but sweets too, and boys' delight, sugar-candy. From the little child's stick of toffee the lords and gentlemen of England break off not a small bit, and say this is ours. But enough, for I am only at the commencement of the list. Suffice it to say that in those days industry was well hunted. It was not caught in pitfalls by stealth and slain covertly under the shadow of night, as there are who assert is the manner now, but hunted openly and cheerily with the sound of the horn, and all the world looking on. The Article in the Act of Union which refers to countervailing duties meant merely this: We English Nimrods having slain and flayed our beasts according to forest law and usage of venerie, you Irish Nimrods must not harry what we suffer to escape, but leave them to breed for the next season, we English Nimrods undertaking to observe the same law by you like honourable brother sportsmen.

ARTICLE VII.—(1) Charges for debts incurred by either Kingdom before the Act of Union to be separately defrayed.

(2) For twenty years the proportion supplied by Ireland to the expenditure of the Empire shall be as 15 to 2, or two-seventeenths of the whole, and after that lapse of time as Parliament shall determine, upon due comparison of the exports and imports of the two countries, or their respective consumption of spirits, sugar, beer, wine, tea, and tobacco, or both comparisons taken together, or on a comparison of the respective incomes of each nation, the proportion to be revised by Parliament every twenty years at the outside, and not less than seven. But these provisions to be nugatory and void in case Parliament shall lay equal duties on the same articles.

The revenues of Ireland to form a consolidated fund for annual payment of the interest on her own National Debt.

It is also provided that when the Irish National Debt amounts to two-seventeenths of the Imperial Debt the two shall merge.

The Irish Debt is as yet comparatively a germ, but one with plenty of vitality. An Irish Parliament, too, like the Imperial, has had little scruple about rolling over responsibilities and charging debts upon the unborn, though the loan-jobbers for a long time looked askance upon their promises

to pay. Of late, however, England has been sitting at her sister's back, has, as the playful put it, been getting up behind her in several financial transactions. Some millions have thus been got and spent, a sum which, however, is a long way on the sunny side of two-seventeenths of the English Debt. Ireland, however, will make great strides to overtake her swifter sister now that the money-lenders look more kindly on her proposals. Every year there will be special Irish loans until her two-seventeenths is achieved, and the separate debts are rolled into one.

ARTICLE VIII.—All Irish Civil and Ecclesiastical Courts to remain as at present, but writs of error and appeals must be heard in future by the Peers of the United Kingdom.

Ireland's 100 commoners are to be returned as follows: By every county 2, 64 in all; Dublin 2, Cork 2, Trinity College, Dublin, 1; and one each by the following boroughs: Waterford, Limerick, Belfast, Drogheda, Carrigfergus, and Newry; Kilkenny, Londonderry, Galway, and Clonmel; Wexford, Youghal, and Banbridge (Bandon Bridge, now Bandon); Armagh, Dundalk, and Kinsale; Lisburne, Sligow, Catherlow (now Carlow), Ennis, Dungarvan, Downpatrick, and Mallow; Coleraine, Athlone, Newross, and Tralee; Cashel, Portarlinton, Enniskillen, and Dungannon.

The present members for the counties, and for

Dublin and Cork, are to proceed to the Imperial Parliament; members for the live boroughs to be chosen by lot from the sitting members for the dead ones. Thus Ireland's 100 members of the Imperial House of Commons, without the inconvenience and danger of a new general election, considered perilous by Lord Clare. Grattan remains behind plunged in gloom, having assisted in the obsequies of his country, "followed her to the grave," not, however, without hope of a happy resurrection.

Thou art not dead, my country,
Beauty's ensign still
Is colour on thy cheeks and on thy lips,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there.

But Grattan's heroics were powerless against the march of strong men armed, not to mention the asses laden with gold, which Philip found more useful than the phalanx in the reduction of cities; so he sits at home glooming, or mutters something about Ireland's revenge when a century of the greatest blackguards in Europe have ensconced themselves in the Imperial Senate. It may be, too, that he expects some Irish counterstroke against the Union. There is at the present moment a rebel party amongst the aristocracy in communication with the French Government, soliciting French aid,

and requiring a guarantee that the present owners of property in Ireland shall not be disturbed. Were a French army, giving such a guarantee, to land in the present year, the combination of classes which carried the Declaration of Independence would do it again. Outside the bribed Parliament there is no class in the country which is in love with the Union. In the House itself the men who stood out against the Minister brought to the contest a degree of fury and fanaticism almost incredible. Of these men the attitude of "Millennium Dobbs" is the strangest. According to that good officer, if bad theologian, the second coming of the Messiah is even now imminent. He will appear in Ireland, and, gathering to himself 114,000 Irish saints, first break from Ireland's neck the English yoke, and, at the head of his army of Irish warrior saints, issue forth for the subjugation of the world and the establishment of the millennium. His sons he has directed to submit to the Union, in anticipation of that great time, when the stone cut out without hands, *i. e.* Ireland, shall smite to pieces the great image of gold, silver, brass, iron, and clay. Dobbs is one of the many examples which prove that religious enthusiasm, even the maddest, is compatible with high practical and executive ability. He was exercising master of the three great reviews of the Ulster Volunteers, held in

Belfast by Lord Charlemont, in 1780, 1781, and 1782.

On the whole, however, in the absence of natural or supernatural assistance, Ireland gradually settles down into a reluctant submission to the inevitable.

CHAPTER II.

DELIRANT REGES.

JANUARY 1, 1801—first of the Union and first of the century—the swearing in, agreeably to the Act of Union, of His Majesty's Most Honourable Privy Council. At a quarter-past three, the Most Honourable having been duly sworn in the presence of the King, from the gardens of the palace, the Park guns, on a signal given, announce in thunder that the Britannic Isles are this day one country and their peoples one nation. The union between Great Britain and Ireland is complete, the marriage consummated for better, for worse. The churches break out with glad chimes, joy bells merrily ringing. On the Tower the Royal Union Standard is unfurled, the Union flag on St. Martin's steeple, the Union Jack on the parade in front of the Horse Guards, while a "new" standard flaunts its freshness in the courtyard at St. James's. A proclamation follows that it is His Majesty's pleasure

to be henceforth known as George the Third, by the Grace of God King of the Britannias, Defender of the Faith, and that the arms and ensigns of the said united Britannias shall be quarterly: first and fourth England, second Scotland, third Ireland; and therewith, upon the escutcheon of pretence, certain German devices significant of the King's Continental dominion. Further, that the Union flag shall be azure, the crosses saltires of St. Andrew and St. Patrick, quarterly per saltire, countercharged argent and gules, the latter fimbriated of the second. But why describe at length a thing dearest and most familiar to free men—their country's flag? From His Majesty's carriages the *fleurs de lis* have been erased, and from his style the old *Rex Gallia*; for we have all grown weary of war, and the English monarch's title, in so far as it claims sovereignty over France, has been seen to be offensive to the Directory. The Chancellor has got a new Great Seal and a new purse.

In Dublin, on this auspicious day, we read of no joy bells. The church steeples remain stupidly silent. The guns, however, of the salute battery in the Phoenix Park sound resolutely, and the Royal Standard of the United Kingdom, with all its horses current and lions passant, gules and base gules, is given cheerfully to the wind from the summit of Bedford Tower in the Castle.

The Union is achieved. The bridegroom, to use an image appearing a thousand times in contemporary literature, has at length, after much trouble, toil, and expense, gained his bride. It is not, however, a cheerful wedding. Neither bridegroom nor bride are in their hearts much delighted. The enthusiasm, so far as shown, is surely on the male side. But marriages as dismal in seeming have often turned out well; and though we have here no marriage of true hearts, still time and change will do much. It is, however, a most peculiar and unusual mode of marriage. It is not conquest—the repetition of the feat by which the Roman youth secured wives. It is not the case of a hot lover and a slowly yielding maiden; for the Union project was sprung suddenly, and for the first time in 1799. The bridegroom paid the bride's guardians to put her into his hands. The guardians pocketed the bribe, and the lady—sick, tired, and distracted—suffered herself to be pushed, rather than led, to the altar. It is not a very cheerful sort of union, though joy bells are ringing in London, and Mr. Pitt is receiving the congratulations of his friends; nor one very promising to the heavy-laden English people, whose Habeas Corpus Act has been suspended, whose patriots locked up in the Tower, whose ancient liberty—bought by the blood and treasure of heroes—thrust, like a shop receipt, into Mr. Pitt's waistcoat pocket. The Union does not

promise well for English liberty, nor the passage to the English Senate of this smooth-faced young man, Castlereagh, with his pack of hungry Irish hounds—one hundred of them—who, having gorged upon their country till they could get no more to gorge, descend now on the fatter lands of England. “Ireland will have her revenge for the Union,” growled Henry Grattan. “She will send a hundred of the greatest blackguards in Europe into the English House of Commons.” A century of gentlemen never grown for drowning will presently make laws for England. They are on their way now—expectant, complimentary, smiling, and well pleased—under smooth Castlereagh. Hawk-faced Fitzgibbon travels o’er also, with his four spiritual and twenty-eight temporal peers, as famished and as fiercely eager to share the plunder of England, and fatten upon Saxon industry as the humblest and hungriest of the commoners. Well might Mr. Grey look with alarm at the Union, and tremble for the freedom of England. Pitt smiles of course. He has won the game. With two-and-thirty peers, and a century of new commoners, all men of proved and tried corruptibility, he can afford to laugh at Liberals and Reformers. They, with their leader Castlereagh, will become a sort of right wing of the great Pitt majority, and English freedom, like Irish, will have to cower low for a season.

The curious and significant contrast afforded by the heraldic devices of the Imperial standard and the deep democratic tendencies of the age is further intensified by the prominence given in the chronicle of the present year to the arrival from Constantinople of the wonderful king's plume or aigrette, a gift from the Grand Signior, an ornament it seems "of extraordinary beauty and novelty. Rising from the hat to which it is affixed the first part is a knot of brilliants, composed in the style of elegant simplicity. This serves as the root or base from which the principal stems and supporters of the ornament, composed of sprigs of laurel and spiral branches of diamonds spring up, and a little above the knot is a superb crescent of brilliants, etc. etc." For the further description of this wonderful ornament, with its bunch of black heron's feathers,* valued at one thousand pounds, I must refer the inquirer to the year's chronicle. A teaching commentary upon this barbaric abomination may be found in the fact that at this very time a sixth of His Majesty's subjects were in receipt of parochial or other alms, and that starvation, idleness, and despair abounded through his realms. It comes to this, in short, that while the ship is by foul winds being driven on to imminent destruction, the captain, by courtesy so called, rigs himself out like a madman in diamonds and feathers, and what is worse,

* One black feather, it seems, on a heron.

that his officers regard the new rig "with astonishment and admiration." It is to such a country that Irish Fitzgibbon and Irish Castlereagh are just now leading over their beautiful pack. Such the ship that admits this fresh crew, able seamen knowing well, having proved it, how to scuttle and to wreck. Three days after His Majesty the King of the Britannias had exhibited his august head, so crowned and encinctured by Turkish beauties, his faithful Lords and Commons assembled at Westminster for the Imperial Session of 1801, the first of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.

CHAPTER III.

THE JOINT WISDOMS AT WORK.

HIS MAJESTY in his Speech graciously refers to the great measure of the previous year as calculated to consolidate the strength and resources of the Empire, and cement more closely the interests and affections of his subjects. Nothing can equal the joy and congratulation with which the joint plunderers and tyrants of the two countries come together to carry on together the work which they had not so successfully, yet successfully enough, carried on separately. To say that the tone of the two Houses was effusive and gushing would but faintly describe it. The prevailing sentiment received eloquent expression in the House of Lords. Looking round the gilded chamber the Duke of Montrose solemnly imprecated "destruction on the head of him who should *impiously* strive to disturb the connexion," and so, warming with his theme, announces that "Great Britain

might rejoice in being incorporated with a people not excelled in virtue and talents by any nation on the earth." Surely praise could hardly farther go, though the bepraised might find some difficulty in appropriating such compliments to starving, poverty-stricken wretches, half servile, half rebel. Mark, by the way, that all this virtue and all those talents are governed just now by martial law—"beardless youths in their teens sentencing to the hangman both aristocrat and serf." Then with the rapt eye of a prophet His Grace describes a glorious future. "English capital and skill seizing upon those fertile Irish plains, evoking all their hidden and inexhaustible wealth, so that he would make bold to say the most sanguine imagination could not anticipate or even conceive the extent of riches and power to which under such auspices Ireland must swiftly rise." But His Grace as a prophet might have made himself acquainted with the utterances of certain ancient brethren of the order, with such for example as "Woe to them that lay field to field," for His Grace concluded his rapturous discourse by speaking in favour of a general enclosure of the commons, such of them as are left. The denounced of Isaiah doubtless bought their fields, Montrose and his friends propose to steal them. Of what indeed have not these noble lords and gentlemen despoiled the English people? The

lands which they had got on trust they have converted to their own use, till all England, town and country, save the commons, paid them rent—rack-rent or the full market value. The industry of England, when rent could not quite devour it, they stripped with taxation to the limits of endurance. People-devouring kings, not content with the plunder of the present, they have robbed unborn men, the industry of those yet in the womb, mortgaging in untold millions the industry of the future. They robbed them of their personal liberty by suspending the great charter and imprisoning without trial men who spoke or wrote their minds. "There is no spot in England save this," cried Sheridan, during the debate on the Address, "where a man may speak his sentiments." Unless these tyrants sold the people into captivity at £200 a head, the then price of a slave, they had hardly left them a right or possession of which they were not despoiled save the commons, and now, with specious and hypocritical pretences, they seek a swifter appropriation of these.

In the Lower House strong complaints are made by the handful of Whigs about the absence, in the Royal Speech, of any reference to the Catholic claims, it being generally understood that a Catholic Relief Bill was to succeed the Union, Mr. Tyrwhit Jones candidly avowing that, in the

expectation of such a measure, he had hitherto thrown a veil over the enormities and corruptions by which the Union had been accomplished. The Papists have been, indeed, jockeyed most completely. The Government had certainly gone beyond the limits of permissible political cajolery and pretence. Lord Cornwallis, Pitt's Viceroy, in his circular letter to the Irish bishops, had referred to a definite promise, and reminded them of the many characters of eminence in the Administration pledged not to embark in the service of the Government except on the terms of Catholic privileges being obtained. Pitt knew perfectly well that the King would not consent to Catholic Emancipation. The project had been airing for many years, and if Pitt did not know, he should have known, the strong prejudices of George III. on that subject. We will presently find Pitt and the other "characters of eminence" retiring from the Administration, only to return as soon as it will suit their convenience. The real cause of his retreat from office was apparently the fact that the nation is just now demanding peace with no uncertain voice, and he, as the great War Minister, who had been so long hounding on the warlike passions of the people, and was firmly resolved, after a respite, to do so again, could hardly now join in the procession of the olive leaf. Moreover, he had placed

English finance on a permanent war footing. His system of taxation would not work in peace, for, in itself artificial and tyrannous, it needed for its support the despotism of the seas. Beaten and powerless upon land, England was absolute upon the water, and exercised without scruple under his sway all barbaric rights of "cruising," viz. of boarding and detaining neutral ships, confiscating contraband of war and the property of citizens of all but all nations found on the high seas. All ships really or in seeming destined to the hostile shore might be seized by British cruisers, and whether alone, or under the protection of their country's ships of war, and brought into British ports, where the delays consequent on proceedings before the Admiralty Court and their subordinate tribunals, with the right of appeal to the Administration itself as Supreme Court, rendered the maritime commerce of neutrals unremunerative. When the Northern Powers united to reassert the armed neutrality principle of 1780, one of their chief complaints was directed, not so much to the detention of their merchantmen, as the procrastination and tediousness of the consequent legal proceedings. With British cruisers scouring all the seas and exercising such rights, the commercial supremacy of England naturally followed her naval supremacy. Moreover, with a navy upon a war

basis, with fleets of bomb-boats, gun-boats, armed boats of light draught, etc., the trade of the smuggler, which severe taxation encouraged, was held in check. That check removed, smuggling was sure to revive, as it did revive, so that during the ensuing peace, while the taxes were stationary, the revenue greatly declined.

CHAPTER IV.

ACHIEVEMENTS OF THE WAR MINISTER.

UNDER the management of this great minister England was compelled to dispense, seemingly for ever, both with gold and with peace. For the last three years of the war she had been really bankrupt and living upon paper votes of credit, and war loans so peculiar that, when the lender brought in £50 for the public service, Pitt, girt with the power of almost absolute authority, seized the weak hand of his country and compelled her to write : "I O U £100, and promise to pay you interest upon the same." From the time when this wonderful statesman, who, in spite of the contempt of two such patriotic historians as Lord Macaulay and Thomas Carlyle, is still called great, led out warlike England to strike down French liberty, he had piled on the back of his country an additional debt of 340 millions, with 16 millions interest, to be borne by Englishmen

and their children to all time. In 1797 the exhausted country could yield him no more even on the pleasant principle that all future generations should discharge the interest of the debt. In 1796 he screwed out the last guinea, using to the utmost his really considerable power of holding up horrible pictures before the country, "frightening and horrifying like a charlatan." At this point the Bank of England gave out. It could no longer keep pace with the swift-footed minister, rushing to bankruptcy. Accordingly, Pitt resolved that, as the English nation had gone into debt, Englishmen as individuals should go into debt too, and exist as best they could upon credit and paper, he seizing the specie and what else might follow the arrangement. On the 26th of February, 1797, a memorable day, the Bank Restriction Order was issued by Council, and subsequently endorsed in an Act of Parliament. The Bank of England, which had refused to take up any more of Pitt's Exchequer Bills, or accommodate him any further in his war policy, was relieved of the necessity of redeeming its paper in gold. For the rest, all other paper money in England might be made good by tendering to the creditor the amount in Bank of England notes. The Irish Government and Parliament were not slow to follow his example, if not to obey his directions, by a similar enactment for the Bank of Ireland. In February, 1797, Pitt,

warring upon the French Republic for no reason which can be understood by us moderns, had achieved for his own country national bankruptcy. The amazing industry, energy, and resource, coupled with the fortuitous combination of favourable circumstances, by which the English nation as a whole dragged itself out of the abyss, yet with what untold and untellable suffering to millions, I may hereafter have the pleasure of describing. But for this stupendous achievement, wrought by England when that bad minister was gone, Pitt can take no credit. In the very year in which he meditated sending forth his country into the storm and tempest upon a keel of paper and promises to pay, and while he continued the policy which drove him to that desperate course, with starvation and hopelessness growing around him on every side, his solemn voice was still heard descanting upon our unexampled prosperity and our inexhaustible resources.

When a man, having exhausted all present resources, falls back on credit and promises to pay, we can hardly regard him as a very honest man or in a very sound financial position; but that he experiences a certain present relief is true enough. Should a private Act of Parliament relieve him of the necessity of meeting his paper in real money, he will most decidedly felicitate himself on the Act, and maintain that it was a most wise and beneficent

measure. By the act of bankruptcy committed in February, 1797, Pitt and his Administration found immediate and great relief; consequently both they and all those who lived and made profit by the war, sounded with loud voices the great virtues of paper money, and the world acquiesced. Pitt's loans were filled up; the Bank accepted his Exchequer Bills; the "radiation" of guineas to faithless foreign allies, like Austria, recommenced, England actually spouting gold, and the war went merrily forward. Nor could the effect be immediately perceived by those whose children will have to starve in consequence. The bankrupt may eke out his last days in a glorious profusion. The expenditure of vast sums created a demand for war material; there was a demand for men either in the killing trade or in the industries, that provided for the wants of the killer. In the glare of expenditure all things took hues of glory. The revenue developed a strange and pleasing elasticity — the depreciation of the currency augmenting the apparent value of the fiscal returns. The funds, which had been down to 48, after the first panic was over, sprang up like gas balloons, naturally, having lost their ballast of gold bags, and England began to gaze again with stupid admiration upon the heaven-sent being who was to lead her to dazzling heights of renown and prosperity. But again in '99 gaunt famine, so exorcised for a season by the waving of paper and

irredeemable promises, to-day stood again at the threshold and tapped not softly at the door. Not all the plunder of the Indies; not the 17½ millions of Indian produce brought straight to England and sold to the world at a monopoly price; not the despotism of the seas with English commercial supremacy and the trade of the nations carried in English bottoms; not the robbery of Dutch, French, and Spanish citizens, whose property happened to be caught on the ocean, nor the plunder of all the generations of Englishmen yet unborn, could repel for more than a season that lank apparition. Although millions of men were employed directly and indirectly by the State either in war and in the preparation of commodities and war material for the huge fighting force, the remainder could not find employment even at starvation wages. Food riots broke out in various parts of the country, property was burned by starving men, bakers' shops were invaded and plundered, a sixth of the population, according to the undenied asseverations of the Opposition, were in receipt of alms, parochial or otherwise. In Sheffield there were in this year 14,000 unemployed men. In parts of the Kingdom the poor-rate was twenty-three shillings in the pound. Bad harvests in 1799 and 1800 intensified the suffering, as one or two slight checks and casualties will make of a spendthrift a pauper.

Hastily summoned to a winter session, a select committee is formed out of the two Houses, who sit diligently devising measures of relief. These men and their leader have, by a shameful neglect of public duty, of which they sit now unrepentant, brought suffering into millions of homes. Is it likely that their measures of relief will prove effectual? As well expect the hawk to forego his clutch upon the sparrow as these men to relax the killing grip in which they hold England. But the measures of relief? Here they are:

(1) To discourage distilleries, which used up good grain in intoxicating liquors.

Here was a good stroke to begin with. Righteous and sober Englishmen and Englishwomen will be delighted with the goodness and wisdom of their rulers, and a righteous cause published for a forthcoming increase of taxation on ardent liquors.

(2) A Royal proclamation in favour of economy. Parmaceti for an inward bruise. What about economy in the management of the public purse? There is at this moment hardly a nobleman in the Upper House who does not hold a remunerative appointment, many of them sinecures. Surely the Commons, who hold the purse, are not, too, without proper provision. In the Irish Union debates, did not Prime Sergeant Fitzgerald declare without response: "I challenge any member of the Minis-

terial party to rise in this House and say he has not the people's money in his pocket"?

The third section of this report strongly recommends the use of salt herrings as a wholesome and invigorating diet.

The fourth and fifth sections deal with the unprofitable and wasteful habits of the bakers. They waste vast quantities of grain, it seems, in the manufacture of white bread; grain which would go much further if used in making brown, which is also more wholesome and nutritious. Also, they sell bread fresh from the oven, which, as more palatable than stale, tempts the purchaser to eat a larger quantity.

Then the committee recommend a better administration of the poor-laws, and wind up with sanguine anticipations about great supplies of food from abroad, if only the people could get the money to pay for it, honest money of course, not paper. The merchant who brings in honest grain must surely get in return honest gold; but England has discharged her gold through the cannon's mouth or radiated it abroad to faithless allies richer than herself. Austria, by the Treaty of Mueville, regardless of her engagements with England, has already retired from the conflict and made peace with the French Directory.

Accordingly, in harmony with the foregoing report, Parliament foregoes its usual slice out of

the finny herring, and a solemn Bill is introduced and straightway made law, by which the baker is to be fined and confined should he sell a loaf before twenty-four hours have elapsed from the moment when it was taken steaming and fragrant from the oven. Another solemn measure succeeds, a wonder of genius and talent, which by its strainers and sieves, with their holes accurately defined, secures that all bran refuse, small stones, and other nutritious particles shall escape into the loaf, and supply strength and refreshment to His Majesty's subjects. Thus, in the winter session, Pitt and his Parliament provide for the exorcising of the lank apparition at the door, which, strange to say, remains and even breaks in. Nay, it is actually discovered that these wise measures do more harm than good, and so in 1801, and assisted by the Irish contingents, Parliament abolishes both measures, and in such hot haste as to give Lord Auckland quite a fit, who gravely admonishes his fellow peers, declaring that such precipitation is more worthy of a revolutionary assembly than of the august Parliament of England. Moreover, this Parliament attach to the repealing Act sections which indemnify the baker who baked white bread or who sold fresh.

Indeed stupidity seems to be a grand characteristic of the statesmanship under which England then did not flourish. Even the eloquence of their

admired orators seems at this day frightfully dull. Topsy Sheridan seldom speaks without producing something brilliant, some neat epigram, some pleasant jest; but tipsy Pitt is always dull. The history of the war seems almost the only subject with which the orators are acquainted. The Government speakers are able to describe every little petty triumph, the capture of a Spanish galleon, the cutting out of a Dutch merchantman from Brest; while the orators of the Opposition have at their fingers' ends every mishap and blunder suffered or committed since war was declared in 1793. We will find Addington, who succeeds Pitt, making an error of four millions in his annual budget. Pitt himself is now every year felicitating himself and the nation on the beautiful results of his grand Sinking Fund scheme for the reduction of the National Debt, an arithmetical absurdity, which an illiterate old woman selling fish at Billingsgate would scorn. Every year he borrows a few additional millions, and applies it to the payment of the millions which he has already borrowed. Instead of making money by the transaction, he is actually losing it. The intellect of England seems to be in abeyance. Hostile criticism has been put down on all sides by a ruthless tyranny never known before in England, and all the more monstrous as exercised by England's Commons. The prisons are crowded

with traitors so called, for the most part mere reformers. The press is mute on public affairs, or hymns Pitt in diurnal or hebdomadal strains. The incense of flattery is for ever in his nostrils. In the House alone does he hear a harsh word. "There is no spot in England save this," cried Sheridan, "in which an Englishman can freely express his opinions." The minister, says another, puts our property in requisition, imprisons us without trial, rules our fellow subjects, to wit in Ireland, by martial law. The parliamentary oligarchy is absolute. But the privileged classes have got themselves to feel at last the brunt of the war which for so long they had rolled over on the unprivileged and on unborn men. The income tax of ten per cent., introduced by Pitt in 1799, in spite of exemptions and deductions which caused it to press less heavily on the landed interest, has been a sore affliction to the class mainly responsible for the war, and his parliamentary critics are bolder than usual this session. Is the following an example of parliamentary stupidity, or of what? This year one of those men who believe that little remedies will right great wrongs, proposed that the poorer class of householders should be exempted from the burthen of the payment of rates for the support of paupers, a suggestion highly statesmanlike, inasmuch lying on the border-land between solvency and pauperism,

and still struggling cling to the edge of the precipice, is that very class about which statesmen should be most careful. The Attorney-General of England incontinently snuffed out this small reformer, proving to the satisfaction of the House that the poor ratepayer could receive no benefit from such relief. The train of vigorous reasoning by which this legal and parliamentary genius wrought down to the *quod demonstrandum est*, I have been unable to discover set forth in all its beauty. But that he did it, convinced the House, and snuffed out the small reformer is certain. The same gentleman, Sir Edward Law, subsequently, as Lord Ellenborough, in the Gilded Chamber strenuously opposed Lord Moira's Bill for the abolition of the imprisonment of small debtors, declaring that for every one debtor thus relieved a hundred would starve, because they could find no man to give them credit.

It was with the greatest difficulty that this Parliament was not persuaded to tax out of existence the country bankers, whom the necessities of the times, and especially the suspension of money payments, had called into existence in such large numbers. But it was pointed out that without the aid of these men the farmers could not pay their rents, and so, but still with longing eyes, Parliament forbore to seize that prey.

CHAPTER V.

PLECTUNTUR ACHIVI.

COERCION for Ireland this session. Three Bills of a somewhat drastic character. The first provides for the continuation of the suspension of Habeas Corpus ; the second, for the continuation of military tribunals and martial law ; the third indemnifies Irish magistrates for illegal acts, of which the principal was torture to extract confession. Here the Opposition gave tongue with an irrational energy, for in the name of common sense, how can a people governed by force be also governed under the British Constitution ? On the torture question, however, they might say something to the point, the Whig, Michael Angelo Taylor, objecting with English downrightness to the provisions in the Martial Law Act, by which the right of torture was conceded. A furious debate follows as to the methods by which the recent rebellion had been first stimulated and then put down, smooth Castle-

reagh^h declaring with an air of injured innocence that torture to extract confession was absolutely unknown in Ireland. He smoothly lied, and he knew it. In Ireland he might as well have denied the existence of duelling, but in England, even under Pitt's sway and the white terror, it was necessary to cast a decent veil over some of the methods by which Ireland was governed. Honest Irish country gentlemen rose in their places to say that they had themselves flogged to extort confessions, John Claude Beresford, with the intrepidity of his family, sneering at the minister to his face. Judicial torture was unknown in England since the days of Bacon, and yet in the armoury of repression it seems, from a rational point of view, a weapon quite as justifiable as any other. We prove that A is in possession of a guilty secret, and we flog him till he surrenders it; a pickpocket runs off with our purse, and do we not cuff him till he relaxes his hold?

In the House of Lords the bolder villain confessed to the practice of torture in Ireland, but spoke upon the subject more beautifully and eloquently than was his wont. In truth, Lord Clare was beginning to discover that the Peers of England regarded him more in the light of the useful and necessary hangman than anything else. His plebeian birth, too, did not help him in that aristocratic assembly. He was now forced to

reason and flatter—courses not at all welcome to his proud and imperious temper. Lord Clare will not long survive the liberties of his country, or rather, the independence of its peculiar Parliament. Next year will see his obsequies, the populace pelting his coffin with dead cats. He, like French Foulon, will find that the grimy multitude have long memories.

Just now, however, Lord Clare is in the plenitude of his glory. A grateful Government has presented him with £12,000 a year, his share of the people's plunder. As Chancellor of Ireland he has £8,000, and as ex-Speaker of the Irish House of Lords £4,000, besides the price of his boroughs and such other avowed or unavowed pickings and stealings as were then open to powerful ministers and favourites of the Government. His £12,000 a year is being dragged into the debates of the House of Commons during these spring months. The circumstances are worth relating, from the light which they throw on contemporary history, and the use then made by statesmen of the public purse.

In the latter part of the eighteenth century a gentleman named Rigby was Master of the Rolls in Ireland, that is, he drew and spent the income of the position while others did the work. The Irish Government, in perpetration of one of its numerous jobs, announced that they purposed to

convert the office from a sham into a reality, and on this theory paid to Mr. Rigby and his family a compensation for the loss of his sinecure, as though they were depriving him of an entailed estate. So the sham disappeared, and the reality came upon the scene. He came in the person of the Duke of Leinster, who, from his rural residence Carton and his palace in Kildare Street, indexed and dusted the national records for many years; that is, he drew the income while others made indexes and wielded the duster. Then the head of the Fitzgeralds went wrong on the subject of the Union. He went with Grattan and the Nationalist party, with the result that, like all the rest of his political complexion, he lost his office. Instead of one, two realities now appeared, sound Government men and Unionists of course, and these gentlemen, though they only held office for a few months, were by the Union arrangements to receive in ready money the life value of their appointments, in reality the price of two Irish votes. Thus the income of the Master of the Rolls in Ireland, which for half a century had been stolen from the Irish people, was now stolen altogether—poured, being capitalised, as ready money into the pockets of bribed senators, and the amount added to the National Debt. The arrangement, however, required the sanction of the Imperial Legislature, and accordingly the 3rd of March, 1811, found smooth

Castlereagh on his legs, proposing the creation of a new Irish judicial functionary, Master of the Rolls to wit, with equitable jurisdiction and an income of £3,500 a year, and requiring the sanction of the Committee for the arrangement by which the two sinecurists now holding the office should receive compensation from the public purse. In reply to Sheridan and others, openly sneering at the methods by which the Union was carried, Castlereagh, in the sleek official jargon of all his tribe, pointed out that the Irish Parliament, who were the best judges as to the claims of those gentlemen, had already indemnified them, and that it was a fixed principle governing the Parliaments of both countries, that when individuals were without imputation of fault deprived of their offices, they were entitled to ample and even liberal compensation.

It would be indeed hard to impute fault to those whose duty consisted in doing nothing. The Duke of Leinster certainly got no compensation, but there was imputation of fault—he voted against the Government.

Grand row in committee over the corruption and jobbery with which the Union was carried, amid which some Philistine proposed that, as Lord Clare had had £12,000 a year for discharging two duties, one of which had ceased to be necessary, and the other would be henceforth discharged by deputy—viz., the Master of the Rolls—the

income of the latter should be deducted from the Chancellor's £12,000. Eventually the sneerers and clamourers were suppressed. Castlereagh carried his point. The Lords, not so squeamish, sanctioned the arrangement at once. An expectant ex-senator in Dublin was elevated to the Mastership of the Rolls. Thus Castlereagh, like an honourable man, discharged his promises, and paid the stipulated bribe to three of his Irish Parliamentary friends, or rather he cunningly secured their payment by the nation then and since. So in this evil time doubtless, according to his lights, Castlereagh works the machine of Government. Yet, in spite of just indignation, one cannot help a remorseful pang as there rises on the mind the thought of that faultless face, angelic in its loveliness, so sweet, so serene, so divinely calm and still, like a Lucretian god far removed from the strife, the sorrow, and the sin, the passions and strugglings in which mortals vex themselves in vain. There is a peace of God which passeth all understanding, but there is also a peace of the devil, which too is said to pass all understanding. Which is it? Here, looking from the canvas, is a face of superhuman beauty, the fit home, one might think, of all divine and holy thoughts, yet this is how the noble Byron treats him:

Cold-blooded, smooth-faced placid miscreant,
Dabbling its sleek young hands in Erin's gore;
And thus for alien plunder taught to pant,
Transferred to gorge upon a sister shore.

And this man, with the peace and beauty of heaven on his lip and brow, slew himself, his outward serenity as of a Greek statue notwithstanding. Or is the calmness a mask maintained by an almost superhuman self-control?

O Shade so sedate and decorous by day,
But away at night as you fly,
O, then the unloosened ocean.

Or concerning this remarkable man let us take the verdict of another lover of England and lover of man, a youth who too wore on his face the peace and beauty of heaven, while his soul was tossed and torn by alternating storms of wrath, sorrow, and love—Percy Bysshe Shelley.

Of two political characters, 1809 :

As a shark and dog-fish wait,
Under an Atlantic isle,
For the negro ship whose freight
Is the theme of their debate,
Wrinkling their red gills the while.

Again in the "Masque of Anarchy":

I met Murder on the way—
He had a mask like Castlereagh,
Very smooth he looked, yet grim:
Seven bloodhounds followed him.

and so farewell to the man!

The mask or shadow of him in the Imperial Parliament lying, equivocating, glozing, dealing

out that sleek official jargon which seems worse than the conscious lie, this figure—the empty shell of a man—will often meet us in the coming years, till once more he becomes real and pitiable, lying stark in his own gore. For a Past Master of the parliamentary art was Castlereagh, his self-control greatly contributing to his success.

Why is a pump like Viscount Castlereagh?
Because it is a slender thing of wood
That up and down its awkward arm doth sway,
And coolly spouts and spouts and spouts and spouts away
In one weak, washy, everlasting flood.

Byron's hatred of the sleek senator being a historical fact of value needs mention, wherefore I, though not without hesitation, set down also this other hate-filled doggerel :

Posterity shall ne'er survey
A nobler grave than this :
Here lie the bones of Castlereagh,
Stop, traveller, and ——

England, as we see, is not in very good case just now with a sixth of her population in receipt of alms; but what about Ireland? The bridegroom is so, what of the bride? Surely we have here no King Cophetua and a maid more beautiful than day! Rather the man all tattered and torn, pursued by hungry ruin, in the shape of Pitt uniting his fortunes with a maiden all forlorn. Very forlorn indeed is the state of that maiden; her

beauty, which a mad lover like Grattan may see, or in epigrammatic heroics affect to see, or a foolish parliamenteer like the Duke of Montrose may believe himself to see, all sunk and invisible under tears, grime, rags, and starvation. In Dublin alone an observing citizen counts "two thousand" professional beggars in the principal streets, all known to him by their faces; for we have no Poor Law as yet, and indigence, to procure relief, must at least look wealth in the face. Indigence, too, we note is very shameless, it is so common and customary. Our observing citizen counts "two hundred" mendicants exposing on the footways their sores, and cancers, and misshaped limbs. Roaring to extract alms is an act well practised. The mendicant, selecting a good spot, sits down and roars from hunger. Corruption, venality, and the basest neglect of duty in high places not unnaturally breed hunger, vice, and crime in places that are low. The landlords eat the rents, and statesmen eat the taxes. Of course want abounds, and all that accompanies want. Charity, too, struggles amid the chaos, for in the human heart everlastingly springs the fount of pity and the fierce satire of the hasty Spaniard* notwithstanding, Christ did die for this people. We have our House of Industry, where indigence is to a cer-

* Don Aquila, Commander of the Spanish force defeated at Kinsale by Queen Elizabeth's troops.

tain extent supplied with work and food, and where the poor sick are attended to. Here the employed make stockings, petticoats, shoes, etc., which the governors sell in open market, for we are weak in Political Economy as yet, and have not discovered the grand central truth of the pauper question, that indigence has a right to eat, drink, be housed, and be clothed, physicked, and priested, at the public expense, but has no right to employment. Economic wisdom has not yet quite overruled the authority of the Christian apostle, and we think that in return for food the pauper should at least yield some work. But the House of Industry is a germ which will not grow. The Irish Parliament came to its support with a subvention of some £15,000, which is continued by the Imperial Parliament. In due time it will cease to be a House of Industry, and be known, as it is now, for the Richmond Hospital.

The rebellion of '98 left our fields untilled, preparing famine for '99, and generally widening the chaos and deepening the gloom, for which the rebel is blamed more than he deserved. A vast nocturnal slaughter of cattle succeeded. Rebellion, held down by the strong hand, revenged itself by the destruction, under cover of night, of the cattle of its foes. Then followed exactions and taxes, as reparation to the owners of the slain beasts; impositions unavoidable perhaps under the cir-

cumstances, but which, weighing down labour still more heavily, have not tended to the creation of wealth. The balance of trade has been for years against Ireland by about a million per annum, though our wise men, labouring under an economic fallacy then universal, imagine it to be in their favour. We export more wealth by about the value of one million pounds a year than we import. The natural consequences follow—gold and silver fly across the Channel to make good the deficit and restore the balance. Still we must have some currency, some circulating medium. As where honest physicians fail quacks will rise, so when our honest money went across the Channel dishonest money took its place, paper-money, gold of the candlestick sort, silver pretending not to be lead or pewter. In 1797 Pitt, having wreaked on England far more damage than he inflicted upon the French, having disorganised and demoralised her whole trade system, added another harm to those thick as the leaves of Vallombrosa which were already flying around. While we have rags we can have paper, and while paper, money. Pitt's administration has aided powerfully in the creation of the raw material, so that of paper money, if it comes to that, there need be no lack. War, after all, is in its way an honest thing, and must be honestly paid for; and with war English gold has been flying all over the world. Accordingly,

driven along by harsh necessity, though of his own creating, Pitt, in 1797, passed an Act exonerating the Bank of England from the liability of meeting its promises with gold. In the same year, at his instance and not at all unwillingly, the Irish Parliament passed a similar measure of relief for the Bank of Ireland, with results seemingly of the most satisfactory nature. Prior to the Act, the Bank of Ireland paper represented only £621,917. Presently it began to multiply, and in 1803 the Bank paper amounted to the value of £2,011,947; so that it appears Parliament, by a stroke of its pen more potent than the wand of a magician, is able suddenly to create some million and a half of money, though not exactly of the sterling sort. Also the Bank bullion, heretofore lying useless in the unsunned vaults of the Bank, has been brought out into light and use. Unfortunately it flies across the Channel to the country whither the balance of international trade inclines its tongue, thence to diffuse itself over space. Like some magnet powerful over all valuable metals, England sucks across the Channel our gold, our silver, and even our copper, till now, in the year 1804, there is hardly a minted halfpenny in Ireland. Some counties in Ulster, where the leading men create a strong public opinion, succeed in retaining honest money; but for the rest of Ireland, Dublin excepted, where the National Bank paper forms

the chief circulating medium, "our money consists of a moderate quantity of National Bank paper with no gold at its back, a much larger proportion of Dublin private bank paper in incalculable amounts of promises to pay by all and sundry, and an accumulated mass of counterfeit silver and copper, base beyond endurance, description, or example." *

One small village in Munster, as we learn, rejoices in eleven manufacturers of money. With a cheap printing press and a respectable office looking like business, the manufacturer sets to work and makes money. Ruin will send his gew-gaw bank flying ere long, but not till he has ruined others first, and perhaps feathered a quiet nest for himself. The sufferings of the poor are frightful, but the wail of want from this quarter has never ceased, and men do not much regard it. But the landlord, the shopkeeper, the merchant, and the manufacturer suffer too, no man knowing how he stands in any given exchange, and ere long the pamphleteer gives tongue with no uncertain sound. Henry Parnell† leads the cry, laying the chief blame on the Bank Restriction Act, but others follow, exploring every recess of the financial and economic region. The balance of trade is bad enough, and

* Halliday's Pamphlets, 837. Letters to *Hibernian Magazine*.

† Son of Sir John Parnell, of pre-Union fame.

the flight of all our sound money. But Ireland is drained through other channels too. The Irish Parliament, prior to the Union, following Pitt on the war-path, has been raising great sums of money and sacrificing it on the altar of Mars. These sums have been raised in England, and thither too goes the interest. In 1803 we pay in interest £1,200,000. Then there are the rents of absentees calculated by some at three millions a year, and calculated by no one to be less than two. Supposing the latter estimate to be correct, Ireland is depleted annually to the tune of some £3,200,000. Nor is this all. The revenue can by no means sustain the cost of administration and the interest on the public loans. Our national revenue was in 1801 only £2,400,000, and our expenditure in that, the first year of the Union, £7,427,555. Accordingly year after year the Irish Chancellor of the Exchequer rises to announce a fresh loan, a loan which he is happy to inform his audience has been contracted under most favourable circumstances, and at a very moderate interest, loan-mongers eagerly competing with each other for the privilege of lending. Thus Article 7 of the Union, once regarded as sinister, is now regarded as the sole haven of afflicted Ireland. A time must come when the Irish debt will equal the Imperial, when special borrowing for Ireland will cease, and she can claim equal burthens with England. If after that Ireland

is to sink, she will sink at a slower rate and in good company.

Note, too, that Irish manufactures, such as they were, with the exception of the linen trade, are disappearing. What solid industry can stand on a gulf roofed in with thinnest paper? Agriculture of course remains, for the land remains. That at least, by a fiat greater than Mr. Pitt's, remains where it was, but all the industry, which for its base needs an honest substratum of solid money, has collapsed. English manufactured articles, writes a patriotic pamphleteer—1804—are now imported into Ireland and sold there of a better quality and a lower price, and this, in spite of the fierce system of general plunder by which the merchant is robbed at the ports, the public plunder in tariffs, tolls dues, etc., sometimes amounting to a third of his freight. Gaunt famine stalks through the half-tilled fields where the half-fed peasant digs, through the villages and towns, where starvation meets vice, and the devil reads the marriage service. All industry languishes. The aristocracy are on the wing, happy to think they can consume their rents without witnessing the desolation they have created. Not the most sanguine can anticipate for his country anything but ruin. For a sinking country, bankruptcy with repudiation of debts is the method of relief supplied by nature, but this resource, since the Union, cannot be looked for. The taxing power

of Ireland is now in the hands of one of the strongest Governments in the world, a Government determined not to lose its credit or let Ireland lose hers, while by taxing or new loans the interest on her liabilities can be procured. Strong government, which might be a blessing, is here ruinous. Its strength creates confidence in the money-lending breast. While it can borrow so easily statesmanship will borrow. Thus year by year in leaps and bounds the National Debt of Ireland ascends. Her revenue does not approach her liabilities, and the difference is made up by a regular annual State loan. On the other hand Henry Parnell (1804) remarks that the peasantry indicate more spirit and self-respect than was noticeable in their demeanour before the rebellion. The gentry, having seen that they could fight, treat them with more consideration and urbanity. Still, hardly noticed, the democratic spirit is growing in Ireland. The Protestant democracy was played out with soft compliments in November, 1783, from the Rotunda. The Catholic democracy, its heir and successor, grows apace, though slowly, and is yet far from its majority.

CHAPTER VI.

SOME FINANCIAL ASPECTS OF THE UNION.

It was with such a cloud of sorrow and hopelessness over the land that Pitt rose to state the Budget for the first year of the Union. He announced that the necessary supplies would amount to £42,197,000. Of this sum the proportion of Ireland, viz., two-seventeenths, would be £4,324,000, and that of Great Britain £37,870,000, a sum which, taken together with the £10,000,000 extracted as poor-rates, was, according to the Opposition, equal to the income of the nation. To meet this demand, the unsparing taxation already resorted to would only produce £16,744,000, leaving a deficit of twenty-five millions and a half. Boldly applying the modern method of taxing the unborn, Pitt announced that this sum would be raised on loan and added to the National Debt, and with brazen front represented the power which he enjoyed of raising the money as a signal proof of the national stability. Indeed, the

money-mongers knew well that as long as the English people had any property their rights were safe. Government, in this time of sorrow and disaster, was stronger than it had ever been before. In all but name it was a tyranny firm set and riveted as with bolts of steel, and, strong before, it was strengthened by the Union.

But though the loan might be raised, the interest on the loan had to be provided, and accordingly Pitt, prefacing his propositions with some unctuous remarks to the effect that his taxes "would not be found likely to interfere with the public prosperity, or bear hard on the lower class of the community, whose interests this House had watched over with tender concern, and never more than at the present period," proceeds forthwith to lay additional duties on tea, paper, printed cotton, sugar, pepper, stamps, horses, timber, raisins, and lead, and the carriage of letters, all representing, one might imagine, elements of public prosperity and things useful or desirable to the lower class of the community, whose interests were always watched over with such tender concern, etc., etc. At the same time he rejoiced to tell his auditors that he did not purpose to load the income tax beyond its present *burthen*, and referred to the land-tax only by way of reminding them that they were enjoying the results of his arrangements for its redemption.

By the Irish Parliament certain donations had been annually made for public or charitable institutions. By the Imperial Parliament these charges were granted on the motion of Mr. Corry, the Irish Chancellor of the Exchequer. In the present year, 1801, the charges are as follows :

Protestant Charity Schools	£18,213	4	7
The Foundling Hospital *	13,846	3	1
Marine Society	1,846	3	1
Hibernian Society for Soldiers' Children	3,655	7	9
Westmoreland Lock Hospital	6,183	13	10
Roman Catholic Seminary	7,384	12	4
Society for Discountenancing Vice	276	18	6
Female Orphan House	461	10	9
House of Industry	15,594	9	3
Dublin Port	966	18	7½
Apprehending offenders	2,307	13	10
Civil buildings	29,538	9	3
Criminal prosecutions	23,076	18	6
Printing the Statutes of Ireland	3,477	2	4
Printing <i>Gazette</i>	6,485	10	9
Treasury incidents	1,846	3	1
For working the Wicklow Gold Mines	923	1	6
For the battle-axe guards	683	1	6
For heralds' new clothing	1,002	9	3
Offices for records	5,538	9	3
For stationery, etc., for Dublin Castle and the Public Offices	18,166	11	10
To the Accountant-General	313	16	11
To the Deputy Accountant-General	221	10	9
To paymaster of corn bounties	738	9	3
To the examination of corn bounties	184	12	4
To the Inspector-General of Imports and Exports	184	12	4

* Now the South Dublin Union.

To the First Clerk of Imports and Exports	£129	4	7
To the examination of Excise	129	4	7
The linen bounties	19,938	9	3
First fruits	4,615	7	8
Dublin Society	5,076	18	6
Paving streets of Dublin	9,230	15	5
Wide streets	4,153	16	11
For the Farming Society	1,846	3	1
Special grant to the Dublin Society	4,153	16	11

Some of these items might fairly be charged upon the Imperial Exchequer, but with regard to the rest there was no obligation under the Act of Union in any way binding the United Parliament to make good these annual charges. Some were of Irish public concern, and others peculiarly and essentially charges on the rates of Dublin. But in the first intoxication of the honeymoon's first quarter the bridegroom will not play the curmudgeon and grudge the payment of this little bill at least out of the joint matrimonial purse. It will look well in Ireland, where accordingly the loyal press enlarges on the generosity and good-will displayed to the country by the Imperial Parliament. Doubtless, too, this arrangement was one of the numerous treaties, jobs, settlements, closetings, intrigues, etc., the dim under-world of which the Act in the Statute Book is the highly respectable peak. Still, that the national purse should be drawn upon in ease of a little plundering nest of Dublin oligarchs was a scandal, though a

small one, and the age of chivalry being past, a ruthless economist and calculator was at hand to rip up and expose this modest financial fraud.

On the debate for the appropriation of these sums, an economical Philistine, Robson by name, representing the district of St. Mary-la-bonne, has a very untimely and disagreeable word to say as to the sums proposed to be allocated to the use of the Dublin Board of Commissioners. Robson explained that in his parish no such Imperial assistance was given to the ratepayers; that there the cleaning, paving, and lighting were perfect, while Dublin, witness a recent complaint by its own Grand Jury, was in a filthy mess; that labour was cheaper in Dublin than in London; and that yet the rates of St. Mary-la-bonne were but fourteen pence in the pound, while Dublin groaned under the heavy burthen of eighteen pence. Warming up, he then, with insulting comments, careered through the items of expenditure, enlarging on the perfumed wash-balls, the cards, and gilt paper and camphorated wax appearing in the accounts, the splendid incomes of Commissioners who did not even pretend to do any work, and Inspectors of Nuisances who inspected nothing, and the Inspectors-General of Globes with their six deputies, loudly asserting that the whole management was a swindle, and the Commissioners, with their immediate *entourage*,

were a mere nest of public thieves. Lord de Blaquiere promptly and with great spirit and ire resisted this uncomfortable economist. Yet surely in an age when every public man believed that he had a right to dip his hand in the people's purse, men who had the control of a considerable city and were closely allied with Government, might create for themselves sinecures, and be of service to their friends without being upbraided by pence-counting Jacobins. I remark that in this age any man who raises his voice in any direction against the State plunderer is called a Jacobin. This Jacobin, however, was apparently a mere merchant and business man, and so was without much difficulty snuffed out. Note, too, that our virtuous oligarchy, which will presently with averted faces silently ignore Nelson's dying request for a lady whom he loved not wisely but too well, is in these times a grand patron of gambling, preaching up this vice from their high Imperial pulpit more powerfully than the clergy and moralists can preach it down. The Irish and the English Parliaments have been accustomed to raise the wind each year by a grand State lottery, which even in beggared Ireland has brought in some £200,000 in a year. We have now a grand Imperial lottery, the proceeds of which, on the two-seventeenths principle, will be shared between the Irish and English Exchequers.

CHAPTER VII.

SKULL SUCCEEDS CHARLATAN.

FEBRUARY 10 the great War Minister retires from office for reasons not a few, taking along with him certain of his friends, to be succeeded by the Addington Administration, a galaxy of talent not of exceeding brilliancy; chief amongst which shines the star of Castlereagh, with his faithful satellites, his century of Irish blackguards, for such and no more they appeared then to sour indignant Grattan, as now to the impartial eye of history. Pitt retires, pursued by Royal compliments and regrets, as the coachman may for a while surrender the ribbons to some young feather-brain, but all the time keeps a keen eye upon the driver—warning, advising, pressing now this rein, now that, with a nod or a wink to the passengers, and ready the moment he pleases to eject the neophyte and resume his charioteering with a flourish and a vigorous administration of leather to his flagging cattle.

Why does our Imperial charioteer surrender the reins to Addington? In the eyes of many the step seems a mystery, and Pitt leaves it so. The man delights in surrounding himself with mystery. To the Opposition, assigning reasons for the retirement, he answers that they have discovered some of the reasons, but not all. The remainder he declines to impart. The nation is tired of war, and is just now clamouring for peace. Pitt knows this at least, that under his peculiar management the Imperial finances cannot stand peace. For England, war, war taxes, the despotism of the seas and the wrecking of foreign commerce, war loans and the war passion blinding or disturbing the natural vision of patriots, have become necessary. Perennial war till England drops is the fate which Destiny and Pitt seem to have begotten between them as a child of promise for what once seemed the chosen people of the modern era. So in a different sense the son of Amos and the prophetess, in spiritual union, gave to another people their mystic child—promise of Ruin.* Pitt knows that war is essential for England's existence, therefore he will have no hand or part in the approaching peace, of which he knows, too, that England will tire ere long. Again he has pledged his word to the Irish Catholics, and must keep it, at least to the ear. A temporary retirement is indeed no fulfilment, but

* Isaiah, chap. viii.

it is something. Once more enveloped in the war whirlwind, England and her Whigs will forget all about the circumstances that attended the consummation of the Union. Then, to a great man who has long occupied the first place, there is the charm of occupying ostensibly no place at all, and yet directing and controlling the Government as effectually as if he were the First Minister of the Crown. Sheridan makes himself merry at the expense of the new Administration. Pitt has knocked all the brains, such as they were, out of the Government. The chief charlatan having retired, his place is taken by an empty skull, cleverly illuminated and dressed up, which is sure to frighten the French into fits. Yet strangely enough the brainless skull seems to perform the functions of Government quite as well as the skull with brains, nay, wins great victories and brings glory to England, works the marine-plunder business with success, and in its vindication batters down the ships and houses of Copenhagen, slaying thousands of our brothers the Danes, and, wonder of wonders! does what Pitt could never do—beats the troops of the Directory on land, conquers the French in Egypt, and drives Menou to capitulation. Now, either Addington, contrary to all contemporary testimony, was not a stupid man, but a man of genius, or the real work of Govern-

ment, and the advancement of England's greatness are, in fact, carried on not by Cabinet Ministers at all, but by the permanent departments, by men of whom history never hears, men old and gray in office, men of slow tongues and quick brains, ineloquent and unpresentable men without handles to their names, and around whom no fierce light beats. I have been informed by those who have been themselves behind the scenes, that Cabinet Ministers, as a rule, are singularly stupid men, men who, in any honest occupation and subjected to the strain of genuine competition, would full surely starve. We in the House see only the paint, the bangles, the glitter set off by the glare of the footlights; we do not see the beggarly reality.

Be that as it may, however, the Addington skull seems on the whole rather more effective than the head of Pitt, and the war goes out in quite a blaze of glory. Addington, however, is weak in the tongue-gift, he cannot "alarm and horrify like a charlatan." He is a somewhat plain-spoken man, who is deficient in the art of veiling what he is within clouds of sombre and lurid verbiage. He, too, will muddle up the national accounts, setting to England's credit some four millions displaced from the other side of the line, and shall be detected, but not by Pitt. He, too,

can tax, plunder, and starve ; but for the lean hands of his miserable countrymen will be able to contrive some glow of martial renown and imaginary warmth, both by sea and land ; glory in Egypt, glory in the Baltic, and finally strike a universal peace over the world.

CHAPTER VIII.

OUR BROTHERS—THE DANES.

APRIL 2.—Copenhagen canopied with blue war-clouds, pierced through with fire-flashes, lit by the conflagration of ships and houses, in whose making sweat stood on men's brows. Houses men make to dwell in, ships to carry freights, intelligence, and kindness between the nations of the earth. Both now burn in honour of the god Cain. Brave Nelson as officiating priest, whirls his stumpy arm—cheerful child of thunder—rejoicing in the uproar. Far off Sir Hyde Parker runs aloft the signal to retire, but Nelson's flag keeps flying for closer action. The little hero has looked for the signal of his commander in vain, telescope to blind eye, "Keep my flag flying for closer action, nail it to the mast." England's headstrong indomitable darling, who for England and his "brothers—the Danes," might do so much, and has been sent by Addington to do this. Rion stops firing; he must know what

Nelson is about, and let the thunderclouds roll off for a while. The Danes get a clear view, and blow him and his into annihilation—"gallant good Riou!" At length the Danish fire slacks off, impetuous crowds of volunteers from the city notwithstanding. The old Norse yield to the young, the father to the son. Presently our admiral, in his generous undiplomatic way, will send a note ashore, to "our brothers—the Danes," who indeed are our brothers, war-policy notwithstanding, nor at all wolves and hyenas, to be exploded off the face of the earth.

The bombardment of Copenhagen. Why? The explanation is not long, and will be instructive. Piracy, we know, is as old as the use of the seas. On land, from the beginning, the strong have appropriated—men first, and then, letting men free,—the soil, so appropriating what they wanted—the services of labouring men. On water the career of the strong was somewhat different; hard to manage sea-slaves and mariners *ascripti mari*; hard, too, to carve the ocean into estates, or trench and dyke the fluid waters into mearings. Hence piracy. The strong cruised around, seeking merchantmen as the eagle seeks the partridge. Slowly that lawless piracy expired, the deep law of human brotherhood uplifting itself through all tyranny and wrong. Private enterprise in this department of industry was suppressed by national and international methods. But power still, though in a

more confined circle, was a law to itself, and nations who held the despotism of the seas were never very nice in their recognition of the rights of those who for carrying purposes went down to the sea in ships. The Turks were not, and the Venetians were not; Venice had married the sea, and was a jealous groom. The Spaniards tyrannised it in the day of their power, and the Dutch did so after them, and now it was England's turn. Her ships of war rode feared and unfearing over all seas. The merchant fled when he saw far-off the crimson flag of England, and knew that the haughty and lynx-eyed termagant of the waters had seen him. To the body of the sparrow England had attached the wings of the eagle, and those wings overshadowed the earth. Yet woe to the land shadowing with wings, as the old prophet sang; wings that shed darkness and wrong, not those that arise with healing upon them. But what darkness and wrong can be shed from such wings, or fall from ships of war, where morning and evening the Book of books is read aloud before silent and bare-headed men? Alas! the Book of books has become for England no more than an old charm and incantation; it is not the Prince of peace, the God of justice and of love, to whom the trumpet-toned commander that reads has given his heart and his strength. The rapt visions of the mighty Hebrew seer he reads aloud with solemn

voice. To him they have no meaning, nor to the nation that sent him thither in quest of merchantmen and hostile frigates.

The old barbarous piratical code has been softened down into a stereotyped regular and respectable system, by which the strong still can oppress the weak, and those who lord it over the ocean can still rob those who can only use the ocean. Said England—saying indeed no more, perhaps not so much, than had other nations to whose marine supremacy she had succeeded—“When I am at war with any people I will seize and take to myself all ships and property found upon the seas which may belong to that people, and whether owned by the nation or by private individuals and traders of the same. I will moreover exercise the right of boarding all ships upon the high seas, and of searching those ships to discover whether they contain property belonging to individuals of the nation with whom I am at war. Even if the captain shows me a document, signed and sealed by the authorities of his own nation, declaring the nature of all the merchandise in his ship, I will not heed the document, I will detain and search, and on suspicion bring him and his ship to one of my ports, where an officer of my Admiralty Court will give judgment concerning what is mine in the ship. Even when ships sail under the protection of war-vessels, and the commander of these assures me

that there is on board the merchantmen no property than I can seize according to international law, I will still board, search, and if I see good, detain in my ports."

Such in theory was the marine code, and in fact proved a mighty engine of oppression. Who, wielding power, will construe very nicely the rights of the weak, especially when the weak are also competitors? The conveyance of ships to port could not be effected in an hour, nor the legal proceedings there before England's representative finished through offhand. Weeks, often months, elapsed in litigation, and the marine commerce of all neutral nations was checked and starved. England at war, her commerce was free, her merchantmen might sail in safety, for the neutral nations had no right of "cruising," and the hostile nations were too weak on this element to effect reprisals. Thus the commerce of the world tended to settle in English bottoms, and English carrying trade grew, while that of others, so thwarted and disorganised, declined. Thus, too, the great sea-ports of England favoured a warlike policy, for the naval might of the nation was, during war, exerted in the depression and discouragement of their rivals and competitors, tending to establish upon the high seas of the world a monopoly in their favour. Doubtless there was then no European nation which, enjoying the tyranny of the seas, would have scrupled to employ its marine power for the like

injurious and eventually suicidal ends. But being weak, and therefore oppressed, the iniquity of this piratical code they began to universally recognise early in the eighteenth century. How nations whose commerce was hampered or suffocated by British cruisers, and whose ships were boarded and rummaged, must have felt both the indignity and the injury, we can form some idea when we remember the spasm of fierce anger that swept over England in our own times when the Federal cruiser brought to an English ship on the Atlantic, and picked out, not valuable merchandise, but a brace of rebels against the Union.

In 1746 the King of Prussia endeavoured to organise Europe into a confederacy for the purpose of resisting the cruising doctrines of international marine war and the establishment of the free trade and fair trade principle of "free bottoms, free goods." The power of England and the mutual jealousies of the European Powers rendered this attempt abortive. But again, and with more success, during the English-French-and-American War, the same doctrine was again asserted by the neutral nations of Europe, and the armed neutrality principle, as it was this time termed, was triumphantly established. England, indeed, did not formally accept the principle, yet during that war she did not exercise the right of cruising, and it was generally believed that the old piratical law of international

warfare was virtually and for ever abolished. Through no merit on Pitt's part, under whose administration, according to Lord Macaulay, all that could be done was done to wreck the English naval system, the power of our country on the high seas revived, and through the valour of her mariners England's hand once more grasped the tyranny of the seas, and the sonorous lines of Campbell gave full expression to the pride and triumph of his people.

Britannia needs no bulwark,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the ocean waves,
Her home is on the deep.

So Pitt, seeing his opportunity, determined to revive once more the disused and hated right of cruising, which was now exercised by England with an abandon and cynicism commensurate with the absolute authority with which she ruled the seas. With France, Holland, and Spain England was at war, and was therefore able to crush utterly the marine commerce of those nations, while by exercising the right of cruising she was able to harass and discourage that of the remaining nations of Europe. The anti-republican fury of the European monarchies was at first stronger than their indignation against England's exercise of her marine power. But, before the close of the war the wrath of Europe was for this reason diverted from France,

and concentrated upon England. The slumbering indignation of the Neutral Powers began at last to assert itself. In 1798 a Swedish fleet of merchantmen, convoyed by Swedish men-of-war, was in assertion of the right of cruising seized by Commodore Lawford, and brought into Plymouth, in spite of the protest of the Swedish admiral. Tedious litigation ensued, resulting in an appeal to the Administration of England, the Appellate Court of this branch of Admiralty business. This venture of the Swedish merchants was certainly not remunerative. Against the seizure, and against England's claim to seize or board under such circumstances any neutral ship, the Swedish Government issued a strong protest. In 1799 the British right of search was resisted with violence in the Straits of Gibraltar by Van Dockman, a Dane, who, as commander of a Danish frigate, was conducting Danish merchantmen. Though a couple of Englishmen were killed by the Danish fire, Van Dockman meant no more than a very emphatic protest against the cruising claim. The ships were boarded and detained in Gibraltar. The Danish, like the Swedish Government, strongly denied England's cruising rights, and the anti-English Confederacy of the Northern Powers being now in process of formation, went so far as to demand reparation from England for the Gibraltar seizure.

Again, in 1800, July 25th, the Danish ship of war,

the *Freya*, convoying merchantmen, fought in assertion of the principle of 1780, and not till the ship was disabled were the merchantmen seized and brought into the Downs. Lord Whitworth was now despatched to Copenhagen, charged with the delivery of a vigorous remonstrance preparatory to an intended English declaration of war upon Denmark. Such a war might, to Pitt and many of his commercial friends in English sea-ports, seem desirable rather than otherwise. As a neutral, Danish commerce could be but checked and discouraged; as an enemy, her commerce might be blown off the seas, and her carrying trade diverted into English bottoms. But now the great Northern Confederacy began to reveal itself. In 1799 Russia had withdrawn from the anti-French alliance, and become distinctly hostile to England. Now under pressure from Russia, Sweden, Prussia, and the Emperor of Germany, Pitt desisted from making Denmark his prey, and offering up her commerce as a victim to his English shipping merchants.

The English Government still asserting and unsparingly exercising their cruising claims, on the 16th of August the Emperor Paul of Russia issued his famous letter of protest, condensing against England the wrath of all Europe, and re-asserting the armed neutrality doctrine of 1780, accepted by England in the day of her weakness, and repudiated in the day of her power. As a

reprisal he sequestered the property of British subjects in Russia, seizing all British merchantmen in Russian ports. He had also a private cause of quarrel against England, the English Government having indicated or revealed their intention to repudiate an agreement entered into with him, December 30, 1798, by which Malta, on its capture by the English, was to have been made over to the Knights of St. John, of which Order he was the head. Prussia, Russia, Sweden, and Denmark were now, by the genius of Pitt, converted into England's enemies. The Danes invaded and occupied Hamburg, compelling that State to join the league against England, and, in pursuit of a similar purpose, Prussian troops invaded Hanover, and forced the Electoral College to surrender their powers to Prussia and the Confederacy. The adhesion of Sweden was given on December 20, and of Denmark, December 31, 1800. The Emperor of Germany did not formally join the league, but his prior action was enough to indicate in what direction his sympathies lay. Thus, at the close of the century, Pitt, in pursuit of a selfish commercial policy, had succeeded in arousing against England an angry and hostile spirit in almost every quarter of Europe. His own country he had brought to the verge of ruin. From her he had screwed the last penny. His revival of England's cruising rights was an endeavour, in part successful, to lay

European industry, as well as English, under contribution to his beggared exchequer. Such a policy, while it was naturally welcome to the great English sea-ports, and flattering to the vanity of an untaught and unthinking people, drunk with the intoxication of naval victories, though abetted and lauded to the skies by our historians, must meet with the reprobation of the good. The attitude of Europe, without any philosophical examination of its cause, sufficiently shows that the foreign policy of Pitt was dictated by no generous, no honest, public principle, but ever sought, in the disturbances of Europe, the gratification of an unsocial instinct. The mean and eager huckster, greedily pursuing gain, or himself pursued by hungry ruin, might be willing, had he the power to do it with security, so to harass and injure his competitors in trade. But Milton's England, the land rousing herself like a giant after sleep and shaking invincible locks, the land mewing her mighty youth like the eagle's, truly a patriot might have imagined for England nobler things than these!

January 14, 1801.—Return embargo by England upon Russian property in English land, followed by embargo of Sweden and Denmark on English property. Occupation of Hamburg by Danish troops, King of Prussia aiding and abetting, and seizure there of English property. Invasion of Hanover by Prussian troops, and closure of the

Elb, Weser, and Ems against English commerce. In all this Napoleon's hand was not seen and was not present. Europe resented the marine tyranny of Pitt, showing her resentment thus. And so, March 12, with sealed orders, Sir Hyde Parker leaves Yarmouth with 54 sail, including 18 liners and 4 frigates, Nelson second in command, to wreak the vengeance of the sea-termagant on the Danes. The gates of the Baltic, *viâ* the Cattegat, forced, Cronberg Castle playing harmlessly on the fleet from afar, and April 2—it was ten o'clock of April by the chime—England is busy at it, burning the ships and houses, and riddling and maiming the bodies of her “brothers—the Danes.” Sore wounded and smitten, beaten Denmark undertakes to withdraw from the Northern Confederacy. This same month the Emperor Paul of Russia is stabbed to death in his own palace, within hearing of his wife and children. June 17, Anglo-Russian treaty, subsequently ratified by the other Northern Powers, an agreement by which the piracies of the queen-pirate of the waters were, so far as the contracting Powers were concerned, subjected to serious curtailments. *E.g.*, any nation of the three being at war, merchant ships of the others might freely navigate the ports and coasts of the belligerent. Thus Russian ships might compete with English in English ports as carriers, our privateers and cruisers foregoing their prey.

Effects embarked on neutral ships to be free, even when produce, growth, or manufacture of belligerent, provided they had been acquired by subjects of Neutral Power and were being exported for their benefit. Thus, in the present war, a Russian merchant might purchase and securely export from Cherbourg or Lyons French goods and laugh at the cruisers. This freedom not to extend to carrying trade between mother countries and colonies.

Contraband of war strictly defined to include the following and no more : Cannons, mortars, fire-arms, pistols, bombs, grenades, balls, bullets, fire-locks, flints, matches, powder, saltpetre, sulphur, helmets, pikes, swords, sword-belts, pouches, saddles and bridles, save what might be necessary for defence of the crew.

This was a serious blow to the cruisers, for no authoritative definition had hitherto been known or observed, and corn, and even money and many other articles, were maintained by the cruisers and prize courts to be contraband of war.

The term "blockaded port" was also defined, another serious blow to the cruisers. No port to be considered blockaded, unless by a sufficient number of ships, and so disposed as to cause imminent danger to all ships desirous to enter.

Finally, the right of search, always a serious engine of oppression, only to be exercised by men-

of-war, not by the multitudinous and ill-controlled privateers, when ships of commerce were being convoyed by men-of-war.

Finally, England undertook to expedite proceedings in the prize courts, a method by which the carrying trade of rivals had been crippled as much as by the most unjust seizures and confiscations.

The law of justice, as between man and man, all affect at least to recognise. The law of justice, as between nation and nation, which even now is barely honoured by lip-service, was at the beginning of the century, save in phrases that imposed on no one, not recognised at all. And yet, who with a mind impressed by a belief that the law of justice governs national as well as individual action, could fail to perceive that England's maritime policy was a direct and vast transgression upon a primal ordinance of nature, and as such doomed to procure for her in due time not riches, strength, happiness, but the reverse? Neglect the law of gravitation, what happens? But nature has other laws as certain in their action. In fact, the cruising right, as exercised by England in these wars, is historically a survival of piracy. In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, and for many centuries anterior, piracy had been the normal relation between England and her Continental neighbours. Sir R. Nicholas, in his "*History of the Royal Navy*," proves abundantly that such was

the case. He concludes thus: "During a peace or truce, ships were boarded, plundered, and captured by vessels of a friendly Power, just as if there had been actual war. Even English merchant ships were attacked and robbed, as well in port as at sea, by English ships, and especially by those of the Cinque Ports, which seem to have been a nest of robbers, and, judging by the numerous complaints, it would appear that a general system of piracy existed, which no Government was strong enough to restrain."

Maritime warfare became thus little but an extension of a general piratical system prevailing on the high seas, even in time of peace, and, therefore, a lower character of warfare prevailed from the first on the sea than on the land, and the spirit of piracy breathed over the waters. England at war, organised, directed, bribed, and in all manners stimulated the energies of a pre-existing and unsuppressed piratical system. One might imagine that the rise and progress of the Royal Navy would of itself have abolished marine robbery practised by individuals, as the corporate energies of professions are sufficient to procure the suppression of quacks and interlopers. It did indeed suppress the plunder by English pirates of English merchantmen, and eventually the plunder of foreign merchantmen in time of peace. But war once proclaimed, the privateering energies of England, getting free

expansion, covered the seas with armed ships as eager to detect a rich prize as the old avowed pirates of the deep, or a sportsman beating for game. The regular practitioners naturally resented the intrusion of such a flood of interlopers, who increased the competition, and often filched from under their eyes some ingot-bearing galleon or Dutch merchantman well stored with cinnamon or tobacco. This natural and universal feeling of jealousy is strongly shown in the correspondence of Nelson. In a letter,* dated August 7th, 1804, he writes: "If I had the least authority in controlling the privateers, whose conduct is so disgraceful to the British nation, I would instantly take their commissions from them. They are a horde of sanctioned robbers." Also: "The conduct of all privateering is, as far as I have seen, so near piracy that I only wonder any civilised nation can allow it. The lawful, as well as the unlawful, commerce of the neutral flag is subject to every violation and spoliation."† What! in spite of the solemn adjudication of our prize courts, which, as we know, were regularly established branches of the High Court of Admiralty in England? No privateer or privateer's men could divide their booty until they had first proved to the satisfaction of a Court of the Admiralty that the prize was well and lawfully taken on the high seas. Yet, in spite of the solemn

* Despatches, vi. 145.

† Despatches, vi. 79.

apparatus, Nelson could so write in 1804, and a well-informed historian* comment thus in 1882: "If it were left to the wolves to decide on their rights to the captured sheep, the latter would have much the same chance of release as vessels in the prize court of the captor."

The times of which I write were times in which there prevailed much private virtue and much honour as between man and man; public virtue hardly existed. Why should the prize-court judges be very strict or examine very minutely the evidence of the privateer purser already totting up his share of the prey, when the whole British nation, in their national capacity, were playing the part of the queen-pirate nation of the earth, veneering a lawless cupidity under a thin varnish of religion, love of country, horror of French excesses, Napoleonic despotism, etc.? Whether the privateers' seizure was lawful or unlawful, was it not a blow at foreign commerce, and a diversion of the carrying trade into English bottoms? "Yet it was for the sake of such spoliation, which England chose to regard as her maritime right and to identify with her maritime ascendancy, that under the pretext of solicitude for the liberties of Europe, she fought her long war with France, and became the enemy in turn of nearly every

* J. A. Farrer. See his Essay in *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1882, p. 215 and *seq.*

other civilised power in the world." Nelson, who knew the meaning of discipline and obedience to law and written instructions, could perceive with an eye whose keenness was sharpened by the professional jealousy of the regular navy, the wickedness of the privateering system. What he could not see was the wickedness of a system of which he was part, and which aimed at and accomplished the oppression of the nations. The assertion that free ships make free goods, that the neutral flag protects property, that the private property of the merchants of a hostile nation should not be plundered, he, in the House of Lords, with characteristic energy pronounced to be "a proposition so monstrous in itself, so contrary to the law of nations, and so injurious to the maritime interests of England, as to justify war with the advocates of such a doctrine, so long as a single man, a single shilling, or a single drop of blood remained in the country." Yet curiously enough England, exercising with undisputed despotism the right so rigorously claimed by Nelson, exercising it on all seas and all nations, like a giant of the waters trampling out of sight the merchant navies of the earth, had actually got to her "last shilling" some years since, was now living on paper money and a colossal mortgage raised upon the industry of coming generations to the end of time. Such is the law, Parliament-made law.

CHAPTER IX.

WE LOVE OUR NATIVE LAND.

THE spoliation of weak Foreign Powers and the oppression of the whole earth constitutes a pretty severe indictment against the classes who directed England's policy at the commencement of the century. Yet palliations may be offered, apologies not receivable in the higher courts where stern Nature sits dealing out righteous judgments; but here below, where man with *bizarre* and complex mind, as in the old amphitheatre, decides by rule of thumb what is worthy and what the reverse. The buccaneers who sallied forth from Portsmouth and the Downs to prey upon the ocean commerce of the world, did at least take their lives in their hands and drive a "dreadful trade." Many a fierce tempest, many a bloody fight it was theirs to cross ere they sailed back again into port bringing their peculiar sheaves with them, the mandrake harvest of the sea. There was labour, and suffering, and

costly outlay, and many a skin had a hole in it ere these shifting fields could be reaped and the seapirate and his master could enjoy themselves at harvest home. Moreover, the harvest so reaped was still but a harvest, and each year gathered in with ever-renewed toil, and cost, and suffering; and each year war, or the greedy mouth of the sea, devoured the reapers, and these mari-cultural operations could only endure as the war endured. Considering all these things and all the buccaneering traditions of international ocean warfare, we will not pass a judgment of unmitigated severity. Overt and unmistakable robbery constitutes, as a rule, one of the most laborious and least lucrative professions. But what shall we say of the robbers who, acting ostensibly as the guardians of the people's interests, their rulers, and the high-placed, high-paid protectors of their lives and property, without risk, toil, or outlay worth speaking of, quietly took possession of, and converted to their own use and behoof, for ever, the common-lands of England? When the trustee appropriates the property of his *cestuique trust*, when the father appropriates the property of his child, we have no hesitation how to deal with him. We call him a scoundrel, and sentence him as a felon. Yet the rulers of England, who divided amongst themselves and their friends the common-lands of England, were well paid for the discharge of their duty.

The land robbers robbed no foreigners, but their own flesh and blood. They took not one year's crop, but the crop of every year, the rent-tribute which generation after generation of toiling men in fields and towns have paid, pay, and will pay to them and their successors. They never shivered in the blast, nor paled to the stormy breath of war walking through peril to their prey. With a spurt-of-ink authority to some active and experienced attorney, a few months' delay, expenditure of a few pounds, a landlord got his Enclosure Act, a thousand and a half acres of the common surface of England were shut into his domains, for ever. Merrily the work went on in these days of taxed corn and rising rents. Here, for example, is the land crop so reaped without sweat or blood in one year.

Acts of Parliament passed in the year 1801, for the appropriation by individuals of common-lands, at an average seizure of 1300 acres per Act:

1. The commons of the Parish of Hickling, in the County of Norfolk.

2. Of the Parishes of Burgh and Billockby, in the County of Norfolk.

3. Of the Fen lands within the Manors and Parishes of Lepwell and Outwell, and in the Parishes of Denver and Welney, in the Isle of Ely and Counties of Cambridge and Norfolk.

4. Fen lands and low grounds in the Manor or

Township of North Kyme, in the County of Lincoln.

5. Open fields and lands within the several Parishes of Downham-Market, Wimbotsham, and Bexwell, in the County of Bucks.

6. Open and common fields within Manor and Parish of Maidsmorton, and Hamlets of Gawcott and Prebend-End, in Parish of Buckingham, in County of Bucks.

7. Open and common fields in that part of the Parish of East Hendred which is in the Hundred of Wantage, in the County of Berks, called Westmanside.

8. The Forest or Chase of Needwood, in the County of Stafford.

9. Open fields, meadows, etc., in Township of Ashby, in Parish of Bottesford, in the County of Lincoln.

10. Open fields, half-year shack-lands (?), etc., within Parishes of South Walsham, St. Lawrence, and South Walsham St. Mary, in the County of Norfolk.

11. Open fields in Parish of Potter Heigham, in County of Norfolk.

12. The several common moors called Sydney Moor, Small Moor, Rodway Moor, Waters Upton Moor, and other commons within the several Parishes of Rockwardine, Eyton, Kinnersley, and Waters Upton, in the County of Salop, and within

the Townships of Crudgeington and Sleaf, in Parish of High Ercall, in the same county.

13. Common, waste, and heath lands of Great and Little Heaths, otherwise Mwynydd, Bwchan, and Wain Dyval, in Parishes of St. John the Baptist, in Cardiff; Landaff, Whitechurch, Roath, and Lanishen, in the County of Glamorgan.

14. Commons and waste in Township of Ticklerton, within Parish of Eaton, in County of Salop.

15. Crowland Common, or Goggushland, and certain half year meadow commonable and waste ground called the Washes and Fodder lots, in or near Township of Crowland, in the County of Lincoln.

16. Open commonable fields in Parish of Louth, in the County of Lincoln.

17. Commons of Deeping, Langtoft, Baston, Spalding, Pinchbeck, and Cowbit,* within the parts of Kesteven and Holland † in the County of Lincoln.

18. A certain fen called Wildmore Fen, in the County of Lincoln.

19. The East and West Fens in County of Lincoln.

20. Common fields, Chase allotments, and

* What does the cow pay now for her bite?

† The remainder of the title of this Act shows that the appropriator had been long and actively engaged in this neighbourhood.

wastes within Parish of Enfield, in the County of Middlesex.

21. Open fields in Parochial Chapelries of Lameley and Tanfield, in Co. Durham.

22. Extinguishing rights of common and other rights in certain lands called St. Thomas's Leys, or Pembroke Leys, in Parishes of St. Botolph, St. Andrew the Great, St. Benedict, St. Mary the Less, in Town of Cambridge.

23. Open fields in Parishes of Hanworth, Feltham, and Sunbury, in County of Middlesex.*

24. Commons in Parishes of King's Brompton, Upton, and Skilgate in the County of Somerset.

25. Moors and wastes in Parish and Manor of Tickenham in the County of Somerset.

26. Commons of Stourton, Great Checkhill and Little Checkhill in Manor and Parish of Kniver, otherwise Kinsare, in the County of Stafford.

27. Open fields within Hamlet of Weeden, in Parish of Hardwicke, in County of Buckingham.

28. Jugs, (?) Carr-Lands, Stinted Pastures, etc., of Little Useburn, in the West Riding of the County of York.

29. Open Arable Fields of Whixley, in West Riding of the County of York.

* In this case the lord of the manor seems to have been dissatisfied with his share of the common under a former Act, and came back to Parliament for a bigger share.

30. Jugs, Carrs, etc., within Parish of Staveley, in West Riding of the County of York.

31. Moors and Commons of the Intack or Cow Pasture, and Shaw Wood in townships of Framwelgate and Within Gilbert, and in Manors of Chester and Lanchester, in County Palatine of Durham, and for extinction of all right of common in intercommon lands in said townships.

32. Commons of Parish of East Harling, in County of Norfolk.

33. Commons of West Bromwich, in the County of Stafford.

34. Commonable pastures of Littlebury, in the County of Essex.

35. Lammas meadows, Whin lots, Doles, etc., in Parish of Great Cressingham, in the County of Norfolk, and open and enclosed fields of same, and of Parish of Little Cressingham in said County.

36. Shack-lands and Commons in Parishes of Happisburgh and Lessingham, in County of Norfolk, and extinction of rights of Sheepwalk and Shackage on lands within said Parish.

37. Moors of Worle, in County of Somerset.

38. Open fields of Hertingfordbury, in County of Hertford.

39. Common pastures of South Fernby, in the County of Lincoln.

40. Common pastures of Hemingford Grey and Hemingford Abbott's, in County of Huntingdon.

41. Open fields and meadows in the Parish of Wrestlingworth, in the County of Bedford.

42. Waste lands of Parish of Belchford, in the County of Lincoln.

43. Open lands of Manningford Bruce, in the County of Wilts.

44. Common tracts of Kentismoores, in County of Devon.

45. Downs and Commons of Turnwood, otherwise Turnworth, in County of Dorset.

46. Commons of Little Staughton, in the County of Bedford.

47. Waste lands of Ewell, in the County of Surrey.

48. Of Balsham, in the County of Cambridge.

49. Of Drayton, in the County of Oxford.

50. Commons within Liberty of Stanton, Parish of Ellaston, Co. Stafford.

51. Commonable places and Commons of Old Hurst, Co. Huntingdon.

52. Of Thorpe Abbots, in County of Norfolk.

53. All that and those ditto in Parish of Alburgh and Hamlet of Wortwell, in the County of Norfolk.

54. Ditto in Parish of Stanground, with Farcet, in Counties of Huntingdon and Cambridge, and in the Isle of Ely.

55. Open fields in Parishes of Blofield and Hemblington, in County of Norfolk.

56. And in Parishes of Beighton, Lingwood, and Moulton, in the County of Norfolk.

57. And Shack and other lands of Boughton, in the County of Noffolk.

58. Heaths and Commons of Cavenham, in County of Suffolk.

59. Of Dunkeswell, Co. Devon.

60. Of Bergh, Apton, Thurtin, Yelverton, Alpington, Holveston, Co. Norfolk.

61. Of Mattishall, Co. Norfolk.

62. Of Stradfet, Co. Norfolk.

63. Of Great Abington, Co. Cambridge.

64. Of Carlton, Colville, Oulton, and Kirtley, Co. Suffolk.

65. Of Castlefrome, Co. Hereford, and a certain common meadow called Long Froomy, which ran into divers parishes.

66. Of Risby and Fornham, All Saints, Co. Warwick.

67. Of Manors of Erdington and Witton, and Parishes of Aston-juxta-Birmingham, in the County of Warwick.

68. Wastes and pastures of Bassingbourne, Co. Cambridge.

69. And the Whole Year Inclosures and Commonable Grounds of Holme Hale and West Bradenham, in the County of Norfolk.

70. And the fens and commons and shack-lands of Watton and Carbavolse in the same shire.

71. And an Act for reducing to a stint the Kettlewell commons and Conistone Moor, and for enclosing the already stinted commons of the same townships, and of Kettlewell-dale in the County of York.

73. Wilby, in the County of Northampton.

74. And of Lower Heyford or Heyford-at-bridge, and Calcott, in the County of Oxford.

75. The commons of Headington in the same shire.

76. And of Little Coxwell, in the Parish of Great Farringdon, in the County of Berks.

78. Of Downton, in the County of Wilts.

79. And of Aldenham, in the County of Hertford.

80. Of Haltwhistle, Co. Northumberland.

81. And Castlecarrick, Barony Gisland, Co. Cumberland.

82. And of Langtoft and Baston, in the County of Lincoln.

83. Commonable meadows and lands of West Deeping and Tallington, Co. Lincoln.

84. Of Weaverthorp and Helperthorp, East Lutton, and West Lutton (the Church to be compensated lest we commit sacrilege) in the East Riding.

86. And of Ouston in the West Riding.

87. Ditto of Slimbridge and Carn and Coaley in the County of Gloucester.

88. Of Lyford, Co. Berks.

89. Of Braunston, Co. Rutland.

90. And of Covington in the County of Huntingdon.

91. Of Hadstock, Co. Essex.

92. Of North Frodingham. Compensation in lieu of tithes.

93. Of Coulton, Co. Norfolk.

94. And Denchworth, in the County of Berks.

95. The Commons of Great Chesterford, Co. Essex.

96. And the Commons of Little Chesterford, contiguous.

97. The Commons of Little Ruston, in the same county.

98. And the open fields and pastures, lands and grounds of Langtost, in the Parish of Langtost, on the Wolds in the East Riding of the County of York.

99. Of Sutton Courtney, and Sutton Wick, Co. Berks.

100. Of St. John of Beverley, East Riding of York.

101. And of Barkway and Reed, in the County of Hertford.

102. Of Downampney, Co. Gloucester, and Latton and Eisey, in the County of Wilts.

103. Of Cheltenham, which seems to be a Hamlet in the County of Gloucester.

104. And of Ripple, in the County of Worcester.

105. The Commons of Hornsea, County of York, East Riding.

106. Of Kinnersley, Co. Hereford.

107. Of Saint Andrew and Hifton Saint Ethelred and Impington, Co. Cambridge.

108. Of Wilsford, Co. Wilts.

109. Of St. Ives, Co. Huntingdon.

110. Of Binnington and Willerby, County of York, East Riding.

111. And the Sheep-walks and Open Fields of Little Weton and Riplingham, in the Parish of Rowley, in the East Riding of the County of York.

112. Of Little Byton and the Hamlet of Aunby, in the County of Lincoln.

113. Of Letcombe Regis, Co. Berks, and a common meadow, called White Meadow, in the vicinity of the Hamlet of West Challow.

114. The open fields and commons of Chelston, otherwise Chelvestone-cum-Caldecott, Co. Northampton.

115. And of Frimley, Co. Surrey.

116. Of Scremby, in the County of Lincoln.

117. And the pastures, wastes, and commonable places of Little Abington, in the County of Cambridge.

118. Of Fletcham, Co. Surrey.

119. Of Bottisham, Co. Cambridge.

120*. And the commons of Tolleshunt Major, in the County of Essex.

Not a bad year's work this, or a very timid, gradual, or tentative invasion of the common-lands of England. The Acts themselves do not appear in the Statute Book, not being worthy of notice by the side of Brown and Stale Bread Acts, gracious remission of the tax on herrings, votes of credit, and the other splendid and fruitful legislative efforts by which Pitt has been providing for his people and advancing the glory of England. The kept editors of the Annual Register casually refer to them as the patriotic efforts of the aristocracy to raise corn for the starving people, corn which would be cheap enough with a surplus for old women to fatten their geese and little boys to feed their pigeons, were not every port guarded by a fierce-eyed aristocratic patriotism resolute to pass in no foreign corn till its price at home reached famine point, graciously opening the ports and stimulating its export by bounties of public money when corn did not reach that point. For rents must be high, let who may suffer.

In the Statute Book appears only the title of the Acts of Enclosure, the Acts themselves must be sought elsewhere. They are only private Acts, Acts relating to individuals, and appear interlarded,

* Correctly 117.

though sparingly, with those by which some influential bastard becomes legitimated, the *fact* of bastardy notwithstanding, and John Cruell or the Honourable Mr. Lovelace is empowered to put away his wife and look out for another. Private Acts, indeed! by which the choicest portions of unenclosed England, the common and public lands of England are made over *for ever* to men who are also simultaneously piling up the National Debt, it too to last for ever, like the appropriations, as their fathers before them appropriated the Church lands and bade the nation support the poor.

I, on the contrary, will say that in this year of grace, 1801, there was no Statute of the Imperial Parliament over whose feckless bones the Parliamentary eagles gathered to war with screams of battle and clang of hurtling wings, gathered and fought—mind—always with an object, viz., the distraction and confusion of the public mind, of equal importance to England with an average example of these 117 Private Acts, concerning which the eagles were discreetly dumb, feeding, and being fed, in silence, and which ran the gauntlet of the people's guardians as easily as a lie through a dicer's lips. How Fox and Grey roared and raved, blustering like stormy Boreas, because England entrusted for a few months * to English gentlemen

* Martial Law Act, Ireland.

and officers a judicial function hitherto exercised by Irish judges,* men probably not more intelligent, and as scions of the menaced aristocracy and members of the menaced ascendancy certainly more prejudiced and less impartial. How dumb were these peculiar patriots when the great wolds and common pastures of York and Lincoln were given, and given for ever, to their friends! Surely as the dark places of the earth are full of cruelty, and it is in the secret parts of the town that, according to the ancient prophet, the wicked lie in wait for the innocent, so it is in the secret proceedings of Governments that we can detect the true nature of the vile game which is their business oftener than their pastime. Statesmen, like jugglers, must be watched, not in the proceedings to which they attract attention, but in those from which they distract attention. Hence the accurate and significant expression, subterfuge—the deed that flies the light and covers itself with darkness.

* The Irish judges of those times were ill paid, and by no means the best in their profession. It was said that arrested peasants preferred trial before the military tribunals; and this is highly probable when we think of the passions excited by civil war and the position occupied by the juries and judges with relation to the rebels.

“How do you get on in your court, Toler?” (Lord Norbury)

“Swimmingly, friend; fifteen knots an hour.”

That the game of appropriation was a business and a profitable one, might be judged from the zeal and energy with which the Acts were carried and the enclosures made, as well as the vast extent of the grounds so seized. In the decade which commenced in 1800, and which will terminate in 1809, those who add field to field will enclose 1,550,010 acres,* a greater conquest than the Hellenic race effected by ten years' fighting in the Troad. These last, warring continually far away from their dear native land, only got the plunder of a sacked city, but our valiant, crest-tossing, and home-keeping aristocracy, by Acts of Parliament, whose passage now through practice has become as easy as lying, more wise than the Achæans, will lay under tribute for ever the cities greater than Ilium which the English people will build upon the conquered soil, and they will have besides the rents of the pastoral and agricultural land. Now, supposing that the appropriations of the present year represent an approximate average, the enclosed lands would be about 156,000 acres, or 1,300 to the Act. What rent per acre does this amount represent, diverted by private Acts into private pockets? Foreign corn is taxed, therefore prices are necessarily high. War prices prevail, therefore they are higher; land worth 10*s.* an acre before the war will be, in 1812, worth 50*s.* the acre in Essex,

* Porter's "Progress of the Nation," p. 154.

and in other counties will rise from 14s. to 70s.* Beef and mutton are rising, too, in price, for whereas we were content that Englishmen should eat bread and potatoes when they only digged and hammered, we feed them now with meat, at least the half million of them who are advancing the national honour by plundering the world and killing and getting killed. Then the rents of agricultural and pastoral land represent only a portion of the booty, perhaps not the larger part. Manufacturing England has not yet reared her giant form, and stretched forth abroad her thousand hands. Industry's smoke-canopied cities have not yet been built, nor have the mines of coal and iron been yet tapped. Under some of the appropriations a thousand men in the dim light will labour at pick and spade. Over some of the appropriations factories and workshops will rise, and thousands of houses, warehouses, and yards, all sounding with the hum of machinery and the noise of toiling men. Across some will run railways, whose makers first pay a generous black-mail to the proprietors of the soil. I have no certain data to guide me. Accurately to define what at this point we seek, viz., the average rent per acre of the appropriations, would be a work of vast, perhaps insuperable magnitude, yet if we presume that the average rent, after allowances for costs of Act of Parliament,

* Articles on *Agriculture*, "Encyclopædia Britannica."

costs of fencing,* etc., would be represented by some £5 a year, the probability is that our guess would be considerably under the mark. If this conjecture be correct, the spoil through the century of this year's silent proceedings in Parliament would be some £755,000 a year, and of the decade £7,750,050, a wise employment of which down to date would probably have extinguished the National Debt, and removed from the fierce eyes of Revolution † that vast and glittering heap. Surely the English gentleman of those days loved his native land; he could not have too much of it, and as surely his love was justified by the results. It has proved a highly remunerative affection. Moreover, it must not be forgotten that the indirect gains of appropriation were perhaps as great as the direct.

* It must be borne in mind that a large proportion of the enclosed lands were meadows and pastures already fit for the plough.

† *Quis oculis siccis magnos contemplet acervos?* Who with serene eye gazes at great treasure-heaps? In all disturbed times through the century the eyes of agitators have turned instinctively on the National Debt. For the fowlers of revolution in these times Mr. Henry George has set this fine quarry. See "Social Problems." It, like the land, cannot flee before the storm. Capital can. Hence the certain concentration of the revolutionary forces on these two strongholds and treasure houses.

The taxation remaining unchanged, a steady sinking fund of £7,750,050 would in each year not only lessen the sum total of the debt, but set free for the same purpose the amount of interest so saved out of the taxation.

The less common pastures, sheep-walks, wolds, and lands with commonable rights that were left, the greater was the value and the higher the rent of the contiguous lands already in his hands or let to tenants. The appropriation of the common-land did as much as the war to raise the price of land. So industry was twice hit, and the appropriator twice blessed.

Simultaneously, and due largely to the appropriations, the price of labour fell, the manufacturing industries of the North not having yet raised up their smoky standard and summoned forth all willing hands to work. I speak here of the commencement of the century. The average rate of wages was about a shilling a day, at a time when the average price of a quartern loaf was one and sixpence. Thus the hind could not live by his labour, and hereditary pauperism became the lot of millions of Englishmen, roofed with a free and glorious constitution, as they were told, and warmed by the fire of national exultation for national victories, a force more potent than artillery and dragoons for keeping slaves enchanted by their slavery. Surely, when we consider all this, we must think that the magic words, "national honour," sounding from the lips of our rulers, must have sounded very like "national honour-r-r"—the growl of hyenas over their prey.

Amongst the entries in the chronicle of the

year I find the following—an early, if faint, indication that there is such a thing as the land question :

“March 13. The King *v.* Spence. In the Court of King’s Bench the defendant, who is a bookseller, was brought up to receive judgment upon a conviction for publishing a seditious libel called ‘Spence’s Restorer of Society,’ in which he recommends the abolition of all private property in land, and vesting it in parishes for the benefit of the public at large. The report of the trial having been read by Lord Kenyon, the defendant addressed the Court in a speech in which he professed that he was actuated in writing the libel in question by the same philanthropy which distinguished the prophets of former times. He warned their lordships to regard what history and posterity would say of him if they treated him with severity. He said the treatment he received gave him very little encouragement in labouring for the improvement of society. Such was the ingratitude of mankind that he was considered by the world as a madman and a lunatic, and behaved to in prison worse than a common felon. He had, however, done nothing but what his own conscience justified him for doing ; and if, notwithstanding the purity of his intentions, the Court should think him an object of punishment, the cause in which he suffered would enable

him to bear it with fortitude. The Court ordered him to be remanded to Newgate, and brought up again on this day se'nnight." So.

My lords and gentlemen of England, believe me it is out of no hostility to you that I have endeavoured to paint this picture of the dawning century, auroral and beautiful—does it seem so?—over which the genius of your aristocracy presided. Believe me, with you and your lusty younger brother, the plutocracy, but chiefly and first with you, the English people have got accounts to settle—and these accounts they will settle—terribly. All things indicate that the day of settlement is arriving fast. For England's sake, for your own sake, will you be wise in time? You have years—I know not how many—still left, use them for England. Work as men work at the pumps when the ship settles down into the sea. These current years how your ship settles, while you sleep or amuse yourselves on the quarter-deck! "The sacredness of property!" Believe it not. Your very lives will not be sacred ere long. The British Empire! Yes, you had much to do with the making of that, and 'tis a phrase that still charms. It will not charm for ever. Can a hungry proletariat, maddened at the same time by want and by fierce agitators, eat the British Empire? Is it a milch cow, from which mothers can draw milk for their

little children who starve and die? With a fiery earnestness you will work, work, work for England, and in doing so get once more under control—under *your* control—this fierce rising democracy, or it will devour you—surely.

Part II.—Tory Democracy and the State.



Part II.—Cory Democracy and the State.

CHAPTER I.

THE EVE OF REVOLUTION.

No one who looks facts fairly in the face can fail to perceive that we are on the eve of great political and social changes. Everything indicates that we are about to enter, that we must enter, stormy waters, a perilous reef-strewn tract of Time's sea, very different indeed from that over which we have hitherto successfully made our way. Of these regions no chart has been made or, by the nature of the case, can be made. Long sailing in deep water and calm weather, we have made all our plans and arrangements on the supposition that such conditions of navigation are to continue; an expectation which I for one, and I believe many others, do not entertain. The conditions are altering at a really frightful rate of speed, and calm as the outlook may for the moment appear, it is not

the sort of calm upon which any one can felicitate himself. It is the calm that proverbially precedes storms.

Consider but one phenomenon, the dusky flittings of certain birds not of the halcyon kind, and their cries. Karl Marx, Continental revolutionist, settling in London, there joyfully maintaining that in the whole world there is not a country in which the conditions of revolution are so amply fulfilled as in England. Henry George paying us two visits, a third to soon follow, his keen American eyes noting the same fact. Michael Davitt, with eyes no less keen for the signs of the times, dividing his revolutionary labours between England and Ireland. Mr. Hyndman and his swart brood, seen and unseen, flit to and fro. Many others, too, of the same stormy petrel race. These are not indications of fair weather, but of foul.

But some one will reply :—Ever since the French Revolution such swart birds have been flitting across our waters, notably so after the close of the Napoleonic war, and again when Chartism sent whole flocks of them on the wing. Yet the predictions of the prophets have been falsified, and England, all her great interests and institutions, stand as firm to-day as at any time through the century. Yes, but the conditions have changed, revolutionary tendencies have developed, and old Conservative habits and ideas have grown weaker. The men

who in 1816 burned ricks and made meal-mobs did not know so much, or aspire so much, as their descendants to-day, and those who for us sing in Chartist strain, rejoice in votes, and are admitted to the Government of the land. They will not any more trundle gigantic petitions to the House of Commons for our Macaulays to ridicule and denounce. Instead, they send, or will send, Chartist orators and legislators into Parliament. These seem pretty considerable changes in the situation. The difference is as great as between a mob flinging stones and the same mob with fire-arms in their hands, disciplined, and acting under authority. Chartism, when next it demands, as in its rejected petition it once before demanded, land confiscation, National Debt confiscation, higher wages, shorter hours, etc., etc., will do so in a somewhat more effective style than in the days of Feargus O'Connor.

And then, looking a little deeper, looking at the actual conditions under which social existence is carried forward, who can fail to note with Karl Marx, whether in sympathy or antipathy, that England does fulfil to a really remarkable degree the conditions precedent of revolution? First of all, and worst of all, religion, as we hear averred on all sides, has lost control over the masses of the people. It would be strange if it had not, for it has lost control over the upper classes, and habits of thought as well as "the fashion" inevitably tend down-

wards, broadening as they go. Is it not plain that in spite of a sort of strenuously organised religious hypocrisy, we are virtually a nation of infidels? The strong, the clear-headed, the well-informed, the men who make or mar a nation, the men who really *are* the nation, all the rest being leather and prunella, do not believe those things that for politic and perhaps patriotic purposes they pretend to believe. In all past times religion has been the deep centripetal force which has held societies together, compacting them into coherence and solidity. But religion, to act so, to bind together men and classes, the upper with the lower, the rich with the poor, the governors with the governed, must be vital and sincere, vital in the strong, the clear-headed, the well-informed, as amongst the rude and unthinking many. The strenuously organised hypocrisy of the present day, though never so generously supported, will not do. The longer it lasts, the longer society is held together by such a hypocrisy, the more terrible must be the final crash and disruption.

And as to our economic condition, is there a country in which the careful observer of men and things will find society as here organised so teeming with invitations and encouragements for the revolutionists? In a country rich beyond all parallel in the world's history, we perceive the alarming spectacle of a vast pro-

letariate, unpropertied wage-receivers, living from hand to mouth, exposed to every gust and storm issuing from the mysterious cave of finance, unparticipant of the wealth which their fathers created, and which they by their labour sustain, and this mighty multitude bound to the propertied few by no moral bond of any kind, and now clothed, or fast becoming clothed, with supreme political power. With political power in the hands of the many, and vast wealth concentrated to a remarkable degree in the hands of the few, in the name of common sense and common human nature what other result can be anticipated than that the strong will help themselves, or try to help themselves, to what they want? The very obviousness and certainty of the result tend in a curious way to conceal it, as men will sometimes not see characters which are written unusually large. Our fathers saw it very clearly and acted accordingly, rejecting Chartist petitions for extended suffrage, and all similar appeals, of which in times like the nineteenth century there will be no lack.

Now, while power has been concentrating in the hands of the unpropertied many, and while more and more consciously the eyes of the latter have been fixing themselves upon material things and pleasures, upon the vast wealth by which they, wealthless, are surrounded, more and more upon the other hand the menaced classes have been with-

drawing themselves from any direct control and moral influence over the poor. More and more the notion that property is private income, and that a man has a right to do what he likes with his own, has increased, so that to-day between the high and the low hardly any save a pecuniary relation any longer subsists. Between the landlord and the tenant, the factory owner and his men, the farmer and his labourers, the shop-keeper and his assistant, the producer and the general public, the holders of the National Debt and the nation, the pecuniary view of their mutual relations seems the only one recognised. Thus, when the proletariat, urged from within and from without to assail property, elect, as eventually they must and will, to enter on that fatal course, there is no moral bond or influence that one can see capable of restraining them. With religion gone or reduced to a spectral state, with power in the hands of the poor, with theories of confiscation abroad, and supported by eminent names, with old ties and bonds weakening or converting themselves into pecuniary relations, with the upper classes voluntarily becoming, or forced to become, the merest drones, have we not here all the conditions precedent of some huge social cataclysm, whenever hunger, suspicion, or one of those gusts of passion to which democracies are liable, lets loose the revolutionary fire? Add to all this the fact that we live surrounded by decayed

institutions, from which the vital sap has long since dried out, which are now but so much combustible tinder almost crying out to be burned ; dead things calling to be buried, as, according to the poet, the body of Archytas did on the sea-shore. The Crown—I remember what Beaconsfield hoped—the Peers, and what Carlyle for them prescribed—the Commons, a self-cancelling Babel of noisy cupidity and confusion of tongues, the State generally a solemn fraud, the State Church ditto, the National Debt a thing whose history a good man would not like to tell, our land titles the same. And let it be remembered, that upon no one point can Radicalism make an assault without imminent danger of being compelled or attracted into widening its base of operations so as to assail the rest of the rotten fabric, for the whole rickety structure exhibits, and indeed has a certain coherence and oneness of its own; this rotten thing joining into that, that rotten thing clinging with a deadly tenacity to a third. Or, let the reader disagree with me in my estimate of the rottenness of the social fabric; let him maintain as strongly as he pleases that it is a good house built on sound foundations, well slated, and with lightning-rods on every chimney; let him praise it and admire it as he likes, and enthusiastically declare it to be a salubrious and happy home, with which only the ill-conditioned can find any fault; he will not at all events deny the fol-

lowing statements: In this old, respectable, and well-built house there is much treasure, much plate; there are many good and desirable things; the larder well stocked, and the cellars filled with wine. In this house those who were once servants only, and kept in their place and to their work by the strong hand, are now admitted to be the chief authority, and the source of every order and proceeding in the same, the former owners having argued themselves into the belief that the servants, satisfied with the mere possession of power, will not use it to get at the good things aforesaid. Let him remember that in or about this so curiously constituted household there are no policemen going on their beats, the servants having undertaken to be their own policemen. Let him consider what will be the history of this house and household, remembering what manner of animal the average man is, how disagreeable to him is labour, and how large his appetite for good things. Let him do this, and remain an optimistic, easy-going, sleepy Conservative, or Conservative-Whig, if it so please him. I write for those who with me see the dangers thickening within, around, above, and under this ancient fabric, which is our home, endeared by a thousand associations, which is our house sheltering us against storm and rain, and which we would fain leave behind us as the home and shelter of our children and their children. I write for

those who not only see the dangers, but who realise them, knowing that they press closer every hour, that they are terrible, and will, if unmet and undiverted, eventuate in our destruction; and who would do all that men may to save themselves and us from the calamities which they perceive to be approaching.

To-day in England it is becoming more and more evident that the revolutionary movement, before it becomes supreme and irresistible, will meet with one powerful antagonist. Democratic Radicalism, which can afford to laugh at traditional Whiggery—traditional Conservatism—will have to meet and conquer in real fight this strange new political entity—the democratic Toryism which is rapidly evolving itself out of the masses of the people themselves, animated by thoughts and emotions, whose nature men imperfectly apprehend, and bringing with it a principle sure and strong, stronger, far stronger, than even the revolutionary principle of the party with which it is destined to wrestle in deadly conflict for the control of the future. Such a principle, though all unsuspected, inheres in the Tory Democratic movement. To prove which, to elucidate, interpret, assert, and justify it, constitute the purpose with which I have composed this work.

CHAPTER II.

AN IDLE PHRASE OR A REAL THING.

WHEN Benjamin Disraeli began to talk of the Conservative working-man he was laughed at. No one now laughs at the Conservative working-man. Disraeli's idea proved too strong for the laughers. A rising statesman of the present day talks of the Conservative Democracy. He too is laughed at, though the laughter grows daily fainter. Sensible men are more inclined to reflect upon these words than indulge their mocking propensities, more especially as Lord Randolph Churchill is seen plainly going on from strength to strength.

Yet after much reflection it is not easy to arrive at a clear idea of the nature of the Tory Democracy, either essentially or as that new political entity desires to represent itself. It is not even easy to arrive at the conviction that the words have any definite meaning at all. They certainly seem to signify something large and portentous, but this

something seems too, with analysis, or after a steady gaze, to melt away into nothingness or to resolve itself into mere Liberalism. Yet, perceiving the sharpness and decision with which this party or nucleus and *materies* of a party differentiates itself from Liberalism, the suspicion still survives that the Tory Democracy must be something specific and *sui generis*, and that either the expression is mere electioneering clap-trap, the invention of phrasemongering politicians, or that it points to a new and advanced development of Conservative policy and administration. Those who in politics would be honest and earnest, must find out and adopt its genuine meaning, or forego altogether the use of a hypocritical and unmeaning catch-word. If Conservatism cannot get itself honestly installed in power its triumph must be of short duration, and its punishment prompt and signal.

CHAPTER III.

THE UNAVOWED RADICAL PROGRAMME.

It will be useful to consider at this point the character of the enemy with whom the Tory democratic party will have to contend. To myself, watching closely the signs of the times, it seems certain that we are about to witness in the near future a great development of the latent tendencies of Radicalism. The assault upon the Peers as Peers is but ancillary to a more sweeping assault upon them as landed proprietors. Agrarian legislation is the goal towards which Radicalism is advancing, and to a certain extent consciously advancing. Radicalism just now virtuously gathers up its skirts and moves quickly away when Mr. George appears, but having attained a respectable distance turns round with a significant attitude and sly inviting looks. For example, the *Pall Mall Gazette* fiercely repudiates the philosopher, for some time ignores his movements, and then sending a

special interviewer, quietly fills a page with his utterances. Mr. Thorold Rogers writes contemptuously of Mr. George's puerile fallacies and transparent sophistry, but makes a proposal, which of course has nothing to do with the unorthodox American, to tax ground-rents more heavily in the future. Yet the whole of Mr. George's political economy amounts to no more than the taxation of ground-rents. Mr. Rogers may of course explain that he would not tax away all the ground-rents. Still, if he goes a mile with Mr. George he will probably find it expedient to go two. His big book on "Work and Wages" is virtually an indictment against the landowners of England. When Georgism grows somewhat more respectable, he will find little difficulty in walking to the end of the stage with Mr. George. Mr. Chamberlain, the leader designate of the party, has been outspoken enough as to his agrarian intentions. He has not indeed mentioned the obnoxious name of his teacher, but he has asserted in Parliament that the landlords stole and are stealing the commons, rehearsing a view set out at large in "Progress and Poverty," and in extra-Parliamentary speeches has called attention to the origin of the land-grants and to the manner in which the value of real property goes on doubling and trebling for owners who "toil not, neither do they spin," the exact phrase employed by Mr. George. If those significant speeches do not indi-

cate an intention to pursue an agrarian policy when he has the power, what do they indicate? Mr. Chamberlain, unlike Mr. Rogers, has the grace not to sneer at the man who taught him.

But from its essential character Radicalism is bound to affect a closer and closer approximation with the views of Mr. George. The Radical leaders who have wept over the sufferings of the poor, and uttered sad or indignant harangues over the hardships of the labouring population, will be compelled to make good their words, and formulate a policy in harmony with their language. In those admirable papers by Mr. Auberon Herbert, entitled "A Politician in Trouble about His Soul," the writer points out the tendency of Liberal and Radical politicians to use such language, and also the certainty that the people will compel them to make that language good. Without any such compulsion we find the strong man of the party already prepared with a policy of the desired kind—and it is agrarian.

The chief exponents and representatives of Radicalism must for a considerable time be members of the capitalistic classes. Such men, when they are also Radicals, are rancorously hostile to the territorial aristocracy. They cannot enjoy or get the full fruition of their wealth while the high social consideration in which landowners are held

blocks out the sunshine. Envy alone would lead them to look with favourable eyes upon an agrarian development of Radicalism, but other and more powerful motives urge them in the same direction. The wealth which has been acquired in trade, commerce, and manufacture, is actually regarded with more unfriendly eyes by the working-men than that which consists in the ownership of land. The social unrest and discontent produced by the facts of existence, and which, fanned by trades unionism, is allying itself with the imported Socialism of the Continent, is evolving in the minds of the proletariat an angry and bitter feeling against the capitalist and the direct employers of labour. Now a theory and a policy which would divert that hostility from themselves and concentrate it upon their political foes is plainly one which would suit admirably the taste, the inclinations, and the interests of the Radical capitalist. Mr. Chamberlain sees this clearly. Again, an agrarian policy which would pile up taxes on ground-rents would be of course so much gain to those who now pay taxes upon their income, their expenditure, and their personal possessions.

The advantages of a great political coalition between capital and labour against the territorial interest, are too great to escape the notice of forward-looking and deeply-plotting Radicals. How

powerful such a coalition might prove was demonstrated in the Anti-Corn-Law agitation, when employees and employers united against the land-power. The tendencies already enumerated or suggested, which are gradually attracting Radicalism towards the adoption of an agrarian policy, have been enormously increased since the passage of the Franchise Bill and the addition to the electorate of some two millions of voters, landless, yet whose occupation and immediate wants will suggest to them more readily than to the proletariat of cities the thought of agrarian legislation.

For these and other reasons I am convinced that the next considerable development of Radical policy will be of the nature of an attack upon the territorial proprietors, an attack avowedly Georgian, or savouring of the nationalisation of the land. One or two really disastrous years would probably immediately precipitate that advance, in itself already certain; and be it remembered that agrarian legislation may travel by degrees up to Mr. George's complete formula. The essence of his system lies in the taxation of ground-rent. Radicalism may approximate to that idea by piling the taxation more and more and from time to time upon that source of income. In support of my view I may mention that Thomas Carlyle, in his political pamphlets, predicted that English Radical-

ism would ultimately adopt this mode of taxation. He wrote that prediction *in terrorem*, and to induce the governing classes to adopt the theory of administration which I believe to be the latent essential principle of the Tory Democratic form of Conservatism.

CHAPTER IV.

CAUSES WHICH HAVE PRODUCED THE TORY DEMOCRATIC PARTY.

THE significant fact that only once since the great Reform Bill has the Conservative party been in power with a *bonâ fide* and genuine majority, has of late convinced certain thinking men that the political platform and constitution of the party are too narrow and too stationary or reactionary for the national requirements or the national taste. They perceive that by pursuing a certain line the Conservative party have lost virtually all their adherents in Wales, and nearly all in Scotland. The Conservatives have closely identified themselves with interests which, though not unpopular at least in England, are not sufficiently powerful to secure for their patrons political predominance. True, Conservatism is also closely identified with the maintenance of the national honour and national interests abroad; but in the opinion of the Tory

Democratic school, the advantages which it possesses here or may possess do not counterweigh the disadvantages arising from a too close identification with interests not popular or essentially national. In the opinion of such men the time has come in which the party must sever those ties and obligations, and seek instead the support of the broad democratic strata of the nation. Conservatism, as Lord Randolph has observed in one of his speeches, must surrender its close connection with a dependence upon the landed interest, and must seek instead popular support and establish popular connections. In pursuit of the same idea, no doubt he and the men who think with him will sever the close connection now subsisting between Church Establishment and the Conservative party, a connection which has been mainly responsible for the loss to the party of Scotland and of Wales. With regard to Ireland, too, as he indicated in his paper entitled "The Mantle of Elijah," as well as on many occasions in the House of Commons, he is in favour of a Conservative policy more popular than that which he inherited from his predecessors. Consider, too, his attitude with regard to the Crimes Act. Man is the creature of hope, and there are few who do not look forward to a future better than the past. Even the rich fool who could say "Soul, take thine ease," intended at least to throw down his barns and build greater, nor anticipated that to-

morrow would be as to-day, but that it would be much more abundant. As surely as the eye prefers running water to stagnant, so surely does the average mind prefer in politics movement and advance. Our Conservatism, by reason of its close identification with certain great and comparatively stationary interests, as well as by its own inherent preference for immobility, has in the opinion of many Conservatives become distasteful to numbers of persons who might otherwise prove loyal and active members of the party. Conservatism cannot, they think, be really popular unless it indicates at least as much life and movement as will counteract the general impression that Conservatism, in all things save foreign policy, is an obstinate, unideal, and unsympathetic upholder of the *status quo*.

Still pursuing the same idea, viz., that of making Conservatism popular with the masses, Lord Randolph has organised the Union of Conservative Associations upon a popular basis, shaking off aristocratic patronage and control, and rendering it as much as possible the representative and organ of the Conservative multitude. Short though the time be which has elapsed since the genius of Lord Randolph conceived the idea of a popular and democratic Conservatism, and although in all this he acted in direct opposition to the responsible leaders of the party, the success attending the

new movement has been most brilliant. Upon this there is no need to enlarge. We can run and read it. The future of the Tory Democratic party is assured. Lord Randolph and the men who think with him have, at all events, exiled traditional Conservatism from the region of practical politics. What they are putting in its room is not so clear.

CHAPTER V.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL.

THAT a young and unrecognised member of the Conservative party should have had the intelligence to conceive, the courage to attempt, and the genius to execute such a complete reconstruction of his party, for virtually Lord Randolph has succeeded, is, I think, the greatest achievement in modern politics. Disraeli educated his party up to the adoption of the Franchise Bill of 1865. This feat is poor and dim beside what has been done by Lord Randolph. Disraeli was the recognised leader of the party, Lord Randolph was a private member; Mr. Disraeli was opposed by those below him, Lord Randolph was opposed by those above him. The passage of the Reform Bill was certain. Disraeli had, therefore, merely to persuade his own party to do what, if they refused, would be done for them by the Liberals. Disraeli educated his party up to one popular measure, Lord Randolph has vir-

tually reconstructed the whole party upon a popular basis, and infused into it popular sympathies. It may be imagined that I claim too much by attributing success to the Tory Democratic movement. Still, I write chiefly for those who are in sympathy with that form of Conservatism, and of these there are few who do not perceive that the action of Lord Randolph has rendered impossible the traditional Conservatism which subsisted up to his time.

Every day that passes proves more and more clearly that, within this new personality, with all its seeming eccentricities, wit, presumption, rough mob oratory, etc., there lies a remarkable sagacity and a perfect appreciation of facts. That which first attracted the present writer to Lord Randolph's career, after the recognition of the unusual energy and industry displayed in the House of Commons, were the marks of an original mind appearing in his speeches. Nearly all political speeches are of the commonplace order; their original is found in the magazines, the newspapers, the current political theories and reflections. In the speeches of Lord Randolph we always found indications of a mind travelling in an orbit of its own, a mind regarding things from no traditional or customary stand-point, not through a medium already supplied, but, as it were, with healthy natural eyes. Lord Randolph ever not only called a spade a spade, but saw it as

such, showing at all times that our party possessed in him, not a political machine, but a personality and a man. Human nature does not relish machines in politics, or mere organs of sound blown through by alien forces, by interests, ideas, and persuasions outside. It likes a man, and in Lord Randolph has got one. Let no one who, on other grounds, feels that he can trust Lord Randolph, entertain disappointment on account of many of the things which he says and does. He needs a free hand, and much latitude, both of expression and action. Yonder is his goal, yet to reach it he has to veer to the right and to the left, or his course may seem quite retrograde; let him alone, say I. He will be there in due time. The tract through which, in these times, a practical politician must travel, is rugged enough in all conscience, needing many a detour and winding way. Our representative has trouble enough to get over that rugged ground, without increase of his labour and multiplication of his difficulties by our short-sighted, unintelligent clamours. All practical politicians and statesmen have had their rugged ground to get over. Here it was supplied by armed men and factions that had to get conquered, there by royal stupidity, there through the caprice of harlots or the hostility of *cœils-de-bœuf*. Across the howling wilderness of modern Democracy Lord Randolph has to advance, flattering, coercing, inspiring, with his

tongue much in his cheek, or much uttering cajoleries and unreal persuasions. Such is the law of the game as laid down by the democratic development of modern England. He must cut his coat according to the cloth, and make the most of the material supplied. Therefore I say again, always suspend your judgment; watch, wait, and help. He will, I hope and trust, ever maintain pure and intact his latent inner belief as to men and things, with sincerity of thought and rectitude of purpose, be his platform utterances and overt acts what they may. He will ever strive, so far as it can be done, to escape from that bad element of political finesse and electioneering rogueries, and to speak straight to the heart of England, and appeal courageously to her best and highest instincts.

CHAPTER VI.

AN INDICATION.

DURING the last session but one of Parliament, Lord Randolph endeavoured to introduce a Bill empowering the leasehold tenants of urban houses to purchase the fee simple of the ground upon which their houses stand. He also spoke with strength and determination in favour of a somewhat similar Bill introduced by Mr. Broadhurst, in the course of which he inveighed severely against the great territorial proprietors of our cities.

It is not difficult to perceive the object with which Lord Randolph adopted this bold and uncompromising step. He desired to indicate in the most pronounced manner the fact that the Conservative party, so far as he was concerned, had cut adrift from its ancient moorings, and must no longer be regarded as chartered especially for the defence of "bloated" estates and of the rights of the few as against the rights and interests of the

nation. He desired it to be known that the Conservative party were ready and willing to legislate, even with regard to the land, in a popular spirit and in conformity with national needs. Finally, as a Conservative in the conventional sense, he doubtless believed that such a multiplication of proprietors of the soil as would result from the adoption of his measure or Mr. Broadhurst's, would prove a powerful barrier against Radicalism and Revolution. In his speech on that occasion he differentiated the urban from the rural landed proprietors, but his differentiation had a transitory purpose, and is too slender to be seriously regarded.

The electioneering advantages to be gained by this step are considerable. For example, in future no Radical can canvass the voters of a borough on the assumption that unless they return a Radical to Parliament they cannot break up the monopoly of the ground landlords. For he will be at once met with the reply : " This is not so ; a Tory has undertaken to do this, and was the first to undertake it, too." Had the Tories, as a Parliamentary party, thrown in their weight with Lord Randolph on that occasion, it is plain that in such a borough their position would be impregnable as against Radicalism offering that boon and no more. Lord Randolph perceives that the landed interest must remain Conservative, for there is no other party to which it can attach itself, while by attacking such monopolies

he secures a considerable popular support in the boroughs.

Arguing as well from this remarkable indication of policy as from the logic of the situation and the general tendency of Tory Democratic utterances, we may conclude that this party is quite willing to attack if necessary those other great interests whose defence was the principal work of historical Conservatism. This being so, we perceive at once the profound and radical nature of the revolution which Tory Democratic tactics are effecting in the constitution of the Conservative party. The Self-denying Ordinance did not make such an alteration in the prospects and effectiveness of the Parliamentary army. It is no slight change this, but a complete reconstruction on new foundations, a reformation of the lines upon a new base. Of no class or interest whatever must Toryism be the peculiar and chartered champion. It must be popular and national at all hazards.

When this revolution is carried through, what will be the character of the rank and file of the party? What will be their ideas, and with what language will the leaders claim their allegiance and rouse their enthusiasm?

CHAPTER VII

A FALSE DIRECTION.

Now I assert, with the utmost confidence, that in this refusal of the Tory Democracy to regard itself as specially chartered for the defence of certain exclusive interests and oligarchic claims and privileges, we have as yet no indication at all of the essential nature and real purposes of the party. These are but transitory and accidental symptoms necessarily attendant on a party reconstituting itself upon a popular basis. They mean little more than the popular manners and popular style of the leader. The party is bound to get into touch with the people, bound to show that its sympathies are with popular requirements, and with the interests of the nation as distinguished from the interests of classes. The party must proceed step by step, and the first step—the essential preliminary of all others—is not aristocratic or oligarchic, but democratic, popular, and national.

The party is strong, self-reliant, is profoundly conscious of a purpose very different from that of Radicalism, and is not and need not be afraid that at the commencement of its career the silly or the hostile may declare this is a Radical party marching under a Conservative flag. Beyond question there are many changes and reforms which Radicalism desires and thinks ought to be carried out by Radicals, but which democratic Toryism, perceiving to be just and desirable, is quite ready and willing to undertake. Hence I have no doubt that the misconceptions to which I refer must prevail for a time, but only for a time. The vital, essential characteristics of democratic Radicalism and democratic Toryism will not take long to come to the surface with principles and a political complexion as different as darkness from light, as antagonistic and irreconcilable. After a few steps, which are perhaps common to both, their paths diverge for ever. That of Radicalism lies through confiscation and disintegration towards revolution, working ever destructively; that of the Tories through creation, regulation, to an organised and disciplined nation, working constructively. Not alone to hold society together, but to bind and compact it into a vital whole, is the task towards which democratic Toryism, by the law of its existence, ceaselessly and inevitably tends. The road along which Radicalism travels, and every year with more speed, is one

from which democratic Toryism, be it as democratic as it may, is by its essential nature and constitution precluded and warned off. It could not travel there if it would. Its road is different, and conducts to a very different goal.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE CONSERVATIVE WORKING-MAN OF THE PAST.

MR. DISRAELI'S Conservative working-man was comprehensible enough. Often, no doubt, the working-man voted for the Conservative candidate because he had a personal admiration for the candidate, or because the latter if elected would be likely to be of greater service to the borough, or because the voter was bribed, or for any one of many reasons, none of which really expressed the real Conservative faith of the voter. But the genuine Conservative working-man of 1873 believed that England was doing very well as she was, that the throne, the aristocracy, the Church, the whole political and social system ought to be maintained, and therefore he voted with the party which was most closely connected with the upholding of all the stable institutions of the land. Such a creed was quite possible for working-men at the time of the general election of 1873, when their votes re-

turned Mr. Disraeli to power with an enormous majority. And such a creed is quite possible for working-men now, and is doubtless held by large numbers of those who go to form the Conservative associations of England.

The Conservative working-man of the past was appealed to and influenced through his imagination. The throne, the Church, our ancient nobility, the sacredness of property, the Constitution, were charmed phrases, magic catch-words, profoundly influencing his mind and affecting his political conduct. But the development of the Tory Democratic policy puts it out of the power of our orators to touch those chords in the political spirit of the working-man. For example, Lord Randolph Churchill, aiming at the compulsory sale and redistribution of landed property, cannot appeal to those sentiments of respect for the nobility of England and of the sacredness of property. The sentiments to which he must appeal are the very reverse of these. He must dwell on the wants and interests of the English people, and even evoke distinctly Radical sentiments by denouncing, as he recently did in the House of Commons, "the bloated estates" of the aristocracy.

Similarly as the Tory Democratic party forsake and attack other great interests hitherto bound up with Conservatism, they surrender also the strong vantage-ground from which Conservative orators

and candidates used to address the working-men of England. The charmed language, the magic phrases of the old Conservatives they can use no more. Their appeal must be to the same sentiments as those to which Radicals appeal. In fact, we can't have our cake and eat it. We cannot fling over great interests and employ for electioneering purposes language which has no meaning save in the mouths of men resolved to stand or fall in defence of those interests.

Now, I think nothing can be more evident than that at such a game as this, and at any point, Radicalism has it always in its power to trump the Tory card. If the Tory Democracy would lessen the privileges of the Upper House, Radicalism can go for their abolition. If it would curtail the Prerogative, Radicalism can propose its abolition. If the Tory Democracy would disestablish the Church, Radicalism would confiscate the endowments. Radicalism is bound to keep beyond Conservatism, and therefore at every point can appeal with more power to the sentiments to which it and Conservatism alike are addressing themselves. To come down to a single instance. Suppose that the Tory Democracy, under the leadership of Lord Randolph, propose the compulsory sale by landlords to tenants of the fee-simple of their holdings, urban or agricultural, Radicalism can propose the same at lower rates of compensation or adopt a

policy of sheer confiscation. At every point it can outbid its opponents. Surely, in spite of all temporary advantages, it would be the wiser course for Conservatives to stick to the magic phrases and the old strong, solid interests and traditional prepossessions which they represent. I should not myself be inclined to doubt that the Conservative party, constituting itself irrevocably and in the eyes of all men as the firm and unyielding champion of the rights of property, making the determined assertion of those rights its citadel and stronghold, might in the long run triumph. Money is power, and I believe that when all property is thoroughly alarmed and unanimously flies for protection to a certain party, its direct and indirect influence might be great enough to make that party predominant in the State. It is a political phenomenon which has been witnessed a thousand times. It is within the scope of Carlyle's political vaticinations, where he anticipates for England, as one of her most grievous punishments, a scandalous copper captaincy as of France, viz., the triumph, under one man, autocratic and absolute, of a party which has no other *raison d'être* than that it is believed to be the champion of property and the enemy of all forms of *sans-culottism* and ideas savouring of confiscation. *En passant* I would request the more inquiring and reflective amongst my readers to study closely and again and again

Carlyle's political treatises — "Chartism," "Past and Present," the "Essay on the Jamaica Question," and over and over and over again, "Shooting Niagara and After."

Of this I am convinced, that if the Conservative party choose to constitute itself solely on the basis of the protection of property, it may eventually have the ball at its foot. The ball at its foot, but with every noble interest in England and the subject countries *sacrificed*, and some brutal and abominable despotism in the near future. This, guided by the experience of history and the nature of the case, we may promise; but I hope that never more in England will there be a strong party of that description, sacrificing everything that is noble, beautiful, and human in order that on the shoulders of the great and little holders of property it may ride to power, the unpropertied classes, as great an interest as England has, tossed contemptuously aside.

I am well aware that in the Conservative party are great numbers of men who for Conservatism imagine no higher rôle than this. But the success which may be predicted from the resolute adoption of such a rôle is remote, and will command little sympathy from practical politicians looking for immediate results. It is mean, and in the end ruinous, and will be unpopular with all the nobler and more progressive elements of the party. It is barren and

resultless, and the democracy will not rally to its support. To put the matter succinctly, it is the programme of the high and dry traditional selfish and pedantic Conservatives, and not of the democratic Tory party, who will be inevitably driven and drawn to the adoption of principles wholly different from this. At all events the party contemplate no such rôle, and, as long as Lord Randolph remains a power, will contemplate no such rôle; though I am aware that, amongst the upper and middle classes of the party, the vast majority would desire no other rôle than this, and would, if they could, make this programme unyielding and uncompliant in the extreme.

That the essential principle of the Tory Democracy is not a high and dry unconditional championship of the claims of property is evident to all who study the acts and speeches of the leaders. We leave that to the Whigs. That a yielding here, there, and everywhere to the instinctive and irrational demands of the multitude with regard to property cannot be its principle, reflection will establish. That game is not only dishonest, but suicidal. Here Radicalism can always beat us, can always trump the Tory card. The essential principle of the Tory Democracy lies elsewhere.

Pursue to its logical result the policy inaugurated in Mr. Broadhurst's Bill, and the English aristocracy, urban and rural, would be deprived of all

power and responsibility, would become sleeping partners of the national concern, but sleeping partners having an enormous charge upon the profits of English industry. All occupiers would become owners, while the capital and labour of England would have to render annually a mighty tribute to a small class of leisured persons without duties or responsibilities. In the words of Carlyle, England would then say to her landowners: "Eat your wages, and sleep." The absurdity of such a result from a national point of view is so glaring that we cannot imagine any sensible person regarding it with equanimity. Moreover, the breaking up of all the great estates, on the principle of Mr. Broadhurst's Bill, would be merely to begin once more the vicious circle. The normal economic tendencies continuing unchanged, the small fee-simple estates would forthwith begin rapidly to aggregate themselves into larger and ever larger estates. It would be no more than baling out a boat whose bottom is pierced. Meantime, in mere idleness, without any public duties or responsibilities, the evicted aristocracy would be consuming, without any return, a gigantic proportion of the national wealth.

If Tory Democrats imagine that by an advance in this line they will be able successfully to combat Radicalism, they are fatally mistaken. If they go for the compulsory breaking up of the great estates,

and the substitution of millions of fee-simple proprietors, instead of the existing territorial aristocracy, they will assuredly so loosen and disturb men's minds as to the nature of Property that the Radical policy, which will be an advance upon theirs, and in the same direction, will seem far more attractive to the people in general. Tory Democracy, thus interpreted, would evict the landed proprietors, but only in the interest of occupiers, and only on the payment of the full market value of the land. There is nothing attractive in this to the vast majority of the people, who are not occupiers of land at all, nor anything very attractive even to the occupiers, whose annual rent payment, or what will correspond to it, would not be diminished, but probably increased. Here, for example, is a tenement house, sheltering twenty working-men. The owner of the house may buy up the fee-simple of the ground upon which it stands, but the interest of the purchase-money, apart from law expenses, will certainly be as great as the rent. To him it will be no great boon, and only under certain circumstances any boon at all. To his twenty tenants what imaginable benefit accrues? Will they vote for a party which, while willing to strike a blow at landed property, will not strike harder than this? To them arrives the Radical candidate, the nominee of Mr. Chamberlain, who says: "Vote for us. We are going to take the taxes off tobacco

and malt and put them on the landlords. You will then get tobacco for a halfpenny an ounce and whiskey for a penny a glass." The Tory Democracy, by denouncing the land monopolists, as Lord Randolph did in the House of Commons, and by advocating the breaking up of "bloated estates," in the interest of the people—strictly speaking, in the interest of a class—are, unless we regard—as we must regard—this step to be strictly tactical, but preparing the ground for the Radical who will come proposing to tax down the swollen rent-rolls in the interest of the whole people, every class. Threepence worth of tobacco for a halfpenny, fourpence worth of whiskey for a penny, are very tangible and comprehensible boons. The Tory Democrat, as he stands at the bar, or sits in the inn parlour, will find it very hard indeed to put down a Radical politician who holds up a quid of tobacco, and says: "Mates, you vote for our men, and you'll have that 'ere ounce of good twist tobacco for a halfpenny and whiskey at a penny a glass." Heretofore the Conservative working-man felt the magic of such words as the Throne and the Nobility of England, the National Church, the British Empire, our Army and Navy, our Foreign Possessions, and felt the truth of such language as the "Sacredness of Property," and that it is as wrong to rob the rich as to rob the poor. But the Tory Democrat, if he be advancing, though

at a slower pace, along the line of Radicalism, and following its lead and direction, will be unable to touch those chords of the working-man's nature which would gladly respond to the time-honoured phrases which I have quoted. If on the land question, in pursuance of a distinct strategy, the Tory Democrat gives himself over to a Radical policy, as, if we regard Lord Randolph to be an accredited representative, he has already done, the pursuit of that strategy will carry him in the Radical direction along other political lines as well. Plainly this step is tactical, not an indication of a progressive and growing policy. He cannot compete with the Radical on such lines, and he has surrendered the old charmed ideas and associations by the judicious employment of which he might successfully resist Radical appeals to mere cupidity. For example, as against the Radical assailing the landed interest with confiscatory intent, a bold Tory orator might play grandly, and with effect, upon the sacredness of property, the wickedness of public plunder, the great deeds of the barons, Magna Charta, etc., and appeal to strong human sentiments of sympathy and admiration so commonly felt towards ancient and noble families. But the Tory Democrat who denounces bloated estates as a national peril, and proposes a violent eviction of the aristocracy, cannot do this. Having deserted the strong vantage supplied by traditional

Conservatism, he cannot oppose to the Radical any very powerful argument or appeal to any powerful sentiment.

Similarly should the Tory Democrat, in pursuit of the same line of strategy, find it good to surrender some of the Prerogative or some of the income of the Throne, he deprives himself of the power of appealing to those passions, habits, and feelings which surround the idea of the Throne. The Tory Democrat, by going up to a certain point in the direction of the abolition of Royalty, will not be able to successfully resist the Radical who goes a stage farther. The sentiment of loyalty is the only really powerful defence of the Throne. When the Tory Democrat is unable to appeal to or arouse that sentiment, he will not be able to maintain his ground against the Radical inveighing against the expense of Royalty, and declaring that it is a useless anachronism.

Similarly, at every other point where Toryism assimilates itself to Radicalism, it will deprive itself of the power of appealing to some charmed association, and in the appeal to utility the Radical will have the best of the argument, while the strong appetitive passions of human nature will be enlisted upon his side.

It may indeed happen that the personal popularity or personal greatness of the leaders of a Tory party acting on such lines, together with the

personal unpopularity or personal weakness of the Liberal leaders, may enable the Tory Democrats to win one general election. Or the spectacle of the Conservatives adopting such a new and peculiar rôle may exert, for a while, a great fascination over the minds of the constituencies. But, in the long run, Toryism, though it may throw over all that the old Conservative school held dear, is sure to be outbid and outvoted by Radicalism. Rather than resort to such methods, Toryism, in my opinion, had much better keep to the old catch-words and magic phrases, and the old traditional policy of the party.

CHAPTER IX.

SOURCES OF RADICAL STRENGTH.

I THEREFORE cannot but think that Lord Randolph, touching as he does more nearly and closely the sentiments of the Conservative Democracy than any other, has not so far indicated the essential principle of democratic Toryism. Tory Democracy will not be a bastard and halting Radicalism, but something absolutely and entirely different.

Reverting now to Lord Beaconsfield's definition of the Conservatives as the National party, let us consider how that conception might be worked out in legislation and administration, especially with reference to new current phases of thought and sentiment. If, under the stress of life, or the effect of change and growth, the Radical party threatens to advance upon its way by vast strides, and the Conservative party, as by some supposed, also by vast strides moves in the same direction, it is plain

that there must be a very profound and general dissatisfaction with things as they are. Towards this dissatisfaction there are doubtless many contributing causes, but of these, beyond all question the greatest is the condition of the labouring population of these countries. While the British Empire stands outwardly resplendent and imposing, the British citizen, whose wealth consists only in his labour, has begun to be aware that to him all this glitter and power mean nothing. Life is not easier to him than it was to his ancestors. He knows what it is to be out of employment, and what it is to be employed at starvation wages. This the labourer did not realise in old times, but he is realising it now, and in the middle and upper classes he finds many friends and sympathisers, bold exponents of his thought, and crafty agitators and politicians, who would use his dissatisfaction and mutinous spirit for their own personal ends. It is this fact which has given to "Progress and Poverty" its enormous circulation, and has emboldened Mr. Chamberlain to think that the time has come for a sweeping assault upon the landed proprietors of England. Radicalism will ere long, defiantly pointing to the condition in which the English labourer lives, propose to tax away the rent-roll of the landlords, and to give land to agricultural labourers. The Georgian development of Radicalism was foreseen and predicted by Thomas

Carlyle, himself a sound Tory Democrat. When next Chartism comes up in these countries, he declared in his "Past and Present," it will know where to lay the taxes, it will lay them on the land; and he proceeded with rapid graphic pen to outline the argument which Mr. George has so brilliantly expanded and developed. He warned the aristocracy that this would be their fate if they were not wise in time, and all the signs of the hour indicate that his prediction will ere many years be accomplished. The human conscience revolts at the spectacle of strong men rotting in enforced idleness, and at the thought that labour, which produces all wealth, should be hardly able to retain out of its produce as much as keeps it in existence. At this juncture Radicalism comes forward with the motto of "the land for the people," and if Conservatism will not bend itself to the relief of labour in as bold and uncompromising a spirit as this it will be swept out of existence for a time. It cannot stand on the old lines, and it cannot stand on the new lines when it is a mere pinchbeck Radicalism. It must attack the labour problem in a spirit at least as bold, and with a plausibility at least as great as those with which Mr. Chamberlain and the Radicals are preparing to assail the landlords of England. Again, it must not lose sight of Lord Beaconsfield's famous sentence: "The Conservative party is a National party." How will a

National Conservative party, honest, fearless, and thorough, handle the labour problem? Will it be on the lines suggested by Lord Randolph Churchill on the eve of his departure for India, when he quoted with approbation the strange Bismarckian doctrine: "Unemployed labour has a *right* to be employed." He is the first statesman in England who has said so. Is he right or is he wrong?

CHAPTER X.

WEAKNESSES OF GEORGIAN RADICALISM.

Now as a tempting bait for the labour vote, even the Georgian revolutionary scheme has its defects. The benefits which it promises are remote. Here is an unemployed labourer. To him the Radical says:

“Vote for us; we will take the tax off whiskey and tobacco and put it upon the land.”

After the first thrill of pleasure at a prospect so pleasant, the unemployed man will reply:

“All this is very well, but it is not dear tobacco or dear whiskey which troubles me now. I have not done a stroke of work for three weeks. If tobacco were a farthing an ounce, and whiskey a ha’penny a glass, I must first earn the farthing and earn the ha’penny. I want work and wages. Your men don’t promise me that. The Conservatives, now——”

“Oh yes, but we do. For consider, the tax upon the land will throw into cultivation a large

amount of land which is now kept for pleasure-grounds, demesnes, and deer-parks. There will be a great extension of agricultural industry in the country. This will prevent the country people from collecting into the towns in search of labour, and will draw away the agricultural labourers who are now in the towns, and whose competition has driven down the price of labour and produced the want of employment of which you complain."

"Well," responds the unemployed, "suppose all these fine things take place. You don't tell me that, so far as I am concerned, the good time will begin to-morrow or next month, perhaps not next year. It will take a long time before the farmers begin their work on those lands you mention. Perhaps they won't till them at all, most probably not. They will put cattle into the demesnes, and turn out sheep by the thousand in the deer-parks. Why, in this town there are 30,000 unemployed men. It would take a great deal of country work to get these extracted from the city, and, so far as I can see, they would not get extracted at all. Your plan is a mighty fine thing for the cattle master and the sheep master. I don't see what use it will be to the poor working-man. If it be the good thing you say, it may begin to be good ten years hence, when I am a regular workhouse pauper and my children are God knows where. The Conservatives——"

"Yes, yes, I quite see your argument; but our plan goes a great deal farther than you suppose. Every man in England will have a right, if he chooses, to till the land, not for the farmers, but for himself. The agricultural labourer who has hitherto been working for the farmer at starvation wages, will be able to employ himself. The land for the people does not mean the land for the farmers. Every man will have a right secured by law to cultivate with his own hands and the aid of his family as much land as he can for his own benefit, paying only a moderate land-tax or rent to the State. Thus, don't you see, if the farmer does not give employment or pay sufficient wages, the labourer turns to the land and works for himself? The agricultural labourers now in the cities will stream back into the country and work the land in their own behoof. The competition of labourers in the city will cease, and in the meantime production generally, released from the enormous rent tribute which industry now pays to the landlords, will go forward with leaps and bounds, and there will be employment for all. The moment, then, that employers of labour try to reduce wages, labour can laugh at the attempt. It will turn to the land and occupy itself there till the capitalists and employers return to their senses."

"Come now," quoth the unemployed, "there is a little more reason in that so far as the poor

working-man is concerned. But look at me. I am a journeyman tailor. My weapon is the needle, and not the spade. If you were to give me to-day ten acres of the prime land in Buckingham, and pay my train fare down, I would starve upon your prime land. Why, I have not a penny, and a baby would till the soil as well as myself. I was talking only just before you spoke to me with a real agricultural labourer, from the same shire. Give him the ten acres. Well? He hasn't got a penny neither; he hasn't a spade; he hasn't potatoes for seed or corn for seed, nor the wherewithal to build a cabin on his land. Then he'd have to wait eight months or a year before his crops are ready to cut. Present him with ten acres in the Argentine Republic, and they will be just as useful to him. The agricultural labourer in the country is just as badly off, or nearly so. I don't deny that, in the long run, what you propose may be good; but still it is in the long run. I tell you again, that what I and the men like me want is employment and wages *now*: and at the other shop I hear something of the kind is to be got. I'll just step over to Mr. Hope, the Conservative agent, and have a chat with him."

This man is perfectly right, and herein lies the weak side of even the grand and alluring Georgian theory of land confiscation, towards whose adoption Radicalism is steadily and inevitably tending. The

boons which it proffers are not immediate, but remote, and that its promises are boons at all can only be perceived by men capable of reasoning and reflection. Even the bribe of cheap tobacco and whiskey may be counteracted by arguments showing that wages will sink in the same proportion. Employers, it may be argued, will pocket the difference. Mr. Hyndman does actually so argue.

The political problem is the labour problem: the painful, dark, and menacing fact that men willing to work cannot always get work, that when they get work they are underpaid, that time and progress bring no improvement to them, that they know all this, are deeply discontented, and grow each year more so. The future of the Tory Democratic party is bound up with their wisdom or unwisdom in dealing with this gravest of all the problems of the hour. Burns describes it as the maximum of injustice and wrong that a man should ask of his fellow man for leave to *work*, and have his request spurned. We need no poet to teach us this; and political economists cannot convince me, or convince the average worker, that in an empire like this, with vast tracts of waste and unoccupied land, with money to be had for the asking, with a Government possessed of almost infinite resources, able to command the services of engineers, skilled talent of all kinds, men who understand industries of every class, some omni-

potent and cruel fate has declared that he with his willing hands is irrevocably condemned to rot in enforced idleness. The political economists who declare this in the same breath proclaim themselves—fools.

What the unemployed labour of these countries wants is not grand schemes of confiscation, but employment. What the underpaid labour of these countries wants is good wages. A fair day's wages for a fair day's work—the Chartist cry—is a demand absolutely right and just. If the Tory Democrats have the courage to conceive and the skill to carry out a policy of the nature that I am suggesting, they need not fear Radicalism, even though the latter come forward armed with the most fascinating theories of confiscation in the interest of labour. It must be remembered, too, that a wholesale interference with the present uses of rent would upset and disturb interests in which hundreds of thousands of persons are vitally concerned, and that enormous masses of men would be thrown out of occupations in which they are at present engaged. Even though it be admitted that land confiscation would do all the good which Georgians assert that it would, still, a very large proportion of the people of these countries would suffer in consequence at the outset.

Conservatism, if it merely stands still and refuses to grapple with the labour problem, or to

seek for the labour vote on the strength of an honest resolution to grapple with it, will be defeated by Radicalism, working out the Georgian theories. Conservatism following Radicalism on the same lines, and flinging over interests which it is bound to defend, will be, as I have shown, equally liable to defeat. But Conservatism boldly announcing the doctrine that every Englishman who is willing to work has a right to be employed, and that a fair day's work deserves a fair day's wages, asserts doctrines which are not only in themselves true, as I fully believe, but must affect the minds of the masses of the people in the most powerful and direct way. We have here a policy which expresses Toryism and expresses Democracy. The Tory working-man does not wish to see the waves of revolution roll over the great institutions of the State. Hence he is Tory ; but he does believe in the right of Englishmen, honestly performing their duty, to live and to live well in the land of their birth. In such a policy we have the true explanation of the phrase Tory Democracy, a phrase composed of elements apparently contradictory, and in no other rational or conceivable way can the meaning of that phrase be interpreted. The time has gone by, as Lord Randolph Churchill has perceived, when the purely Conservative feelings of the working-men and labourers can be successfully appealed to. He is preparing, if I

mistake not, to follow the true line long since indicated by Carlyle. He will then find powers rallying around him and accompanying him from victory to victory, which he will never secure, or permanently secure, by plunging along the Radical line of advance in the direction of anarchy. The temptations to take that fatal line, to-day strong, will be stronger. Mr. Chamberlain and the agrarian Radicals are shaking themselves free from Whiggery and Liberalism. Ere long that party will have a free hand. When that day arrives the Tories must adopt one of three courses : unidea'd Conservatism ; a fatal imitation of Radicalism ; or a bold promulgation of the doctrine that waste labour has a right to employment—a doctrine which carries this Conservative corollary : that the State has a right to control the labour which it employs.

CHAPTER XI.

STATE-EMPLOYED LABOUR.

MOREOVER, there are great if vague and indefinable tendencies now operating in the minds of the people which are distinctly favourable to the adoption of such a policy as the essential principle of the Tory Democracy. The old doctrine of *laissez faire* is discredited and dead. Mr. Herbert Spencer will not galvanise it into life. Men generally expect that the State will prove itself a more potent and direct factor in the march of civilisation and progress than it has ever been before. There is a growing disposition to regard the State in a beneficent and paternal character, and to expect that when its children ask for bread it will not give them a stone. The child looks to his father for advice, control, and support, and the people of these countries, especially the poor and the distressed, are becoming more and more willing to accept the filial view of their position in relation to

the Government. Many, I have no doubt, will stand back horror-struck from the consequences of the acceptance by a political party of such great, new, and far-reaching doctrines as I have asserted to lie at the root of the Tory Democracy. The course will not be plain sailing, no doubt. In revolutionary times what course is? Conservatism, which laughed at Carlyle proposing these doctrines for its acceptance, is now being driven towards them by necessity and the stern logic of events. Without them it cannot appeal to the labouring classes as against Radicalism and land confiscation. That the State cannot employ men and get good work out of them is absurd in view of the history of England. Who founded, built up, and to-day maintain England's mighty empire but men employed by the State? Who, to-day, but State-employed men, will face death and mutilation for the honour and interest of their employers? So far are the theories favourable to individualism, private enterprise, etc., from being true, that I assert the very contrary. The State, the Nation, will get better work out of its employees than any private individual will get out of his. We are not to regard in this context those routine departments where men, shrouded from the public eye, and lazily overlooked by lazy State officialism, waste or absorb the public treasure, though even here there is honest and good work done. Look rather at those departments where the State is in

earnest and which act under the light of publicity : peninsular campaigns, assaults of Redans, the patient endurance of cold, hunger, and fatigue, the beautiful discipline of the regiment or of the man-of-war. The agencies by which England conquered for herself the British Empire, and to-day maintains it against the world, are, I think, equal to the task of draining a bog, planting a hill-side, or stitching trousers for the workers. We talk of waste lands, lost opportunities, etc., but here is the waste labour of England rotting in slums and alleys, loafing with its hands in its pockets, sinking daily into the abyss of vice, pauperism, and crime. It is as if around the neck of the living, industrious Englishman were hanged a corpse, which he drags laboriously at every step, with the horror as well as the weight of which he is nigh foredone.

Consider, then, that the bold adoption of this principle as a fundamental principle in our constitution, viz., that every unemployed person has a right to employment, means the abolition of the poor-rates, and the cessation of that heavy drain on the community which is caused by the charitable relief of indigence. Our waste labour gets itself supported in some way, by poor-rates, by alms, or by thievery. A man is a wealth-consuming as well as a wealth-producing machine. When it is complained that the State cannot stand such an ex-

tension of its sphere of activity this fact must be remembered, as also the kindred fact that at present a large proportion of our public expenses are caused by the necessity for the maintenance of repressive and controlling agencies, in order to prevent our waste and our vitiated labour from preying on the wealth of the community.

If, through the power of the Tory Democratic party, the State undertakes as a solemn responsibility the duty of employing any and every unemployed citizen, bending all its energies to that task, and shaping all its machinery so as to support or at least not interfere with the work, difficulties will disappear, and great and permanent advantages become on every side apparent. There are in these countries many great and necessary works which private enterprise will not undertake, but which for the State would be highly remunerative. Private enterprise must see its way to a speedy and substantial reward. The State can wait. Private enterprise can consider only the material returns. The State will regard matters from a higher and more generous point of view, knowing that a nation's true wealth consists in happy homes and upright, loyal citizens. For example, no joint-stock company will plant forests, there is no immediate return, and in calculating the results of extensive drainages or reclamations, cannot consider the national benefits arising from

the extension of the food-producing area, or from the growth of families and homesteads in the reclaimed regions.

Again, there is no reason to suppose that all labour will rush into the arms of the State or clamour to be enrolled amongst her industrial services. In war time there is great industrial activity and general employment. Why? Because the State by its expenditure of wealth and material creates a void which industry rushes in to fill. The factories that supply arms, clothing, etc., are in full employment and extend their operations, thus giving a stimulus to the productive forces generally. This has often been noticed in the history of England, and was particularly noticeable in the Northern States of America during the civil war. Yet the wealth expended in war is dissipated and wasted. The wealth expended by the State through the medium of its industrial services would not be lost but changed. It would re-arise in new and more valuable forms. Suppose that in Ireland the State were to enlist 30,000 men in order to carry out on a grand and complete scale Dr. Lyon's scheme for the re-afforestation of the country; consider the results. The waste labour, which is now in various ways preying upon the more prosperous classes, would be converted into active labour. These 30,000 men would need clothes, tools, food, tents, conveyance, fuel, etc. The necessity

providing for them would stimulate in a hundred directions the flagging industries of the country. The wealth consumed by the State employees would not be dissipated in the air. All over the island, in suitable tracts, national forests would be planted, a growing source of national wealth. Thirty thousand men of the class most dangerous to the State would be converted into loyal citizens, inasmuch as average human nature is generally true to its salt. Who has seen Irish soldiers or policemen shouting in seditious processions? Outside those 30,000 a still larger number of another dangerous class would be happily and industriously employed. Had the Government enlisted in its service the Connaught harvest-men in 1879, I fancy Mr. Davitt would have found it hard to establish the Land League. Finally, consider the elasticity of mind and sense of security which would in consequence pervade the whole labouring community of the country, arising from the fact that employment under the State is always open. At present at the bottom of the social edifice lie penury, enforced idleness, beggary, and the workhouse. These are the dark and dismal abysses which society has provided to receive the unfortunate. To descend into that gulf is bad enough, but it may be questioned whether the haunting fear of it is not worse. Those on the brink who see others falling in, know that without fault of their own they too

may one day fall. Hence in the labouring classes there is an ever-present fear and anxiety which darken their lives. That sense of fear would be absolutely removed should the State undertake to find employment for those who seek her aid. Beyond enlistment with the State for honourable industrial service the labourer cannot fall. The gulfs are closed.

The remuneration given by the State to the men employed in the national services would be a standard of wages, or rather the lowest point which wages could touch. If the private employer will not pay as much, his men will take service with the State. Governments have frequently endeavoured to fix remuneration by statute, and have always failed. They must fail until they offer themselves the wages which they desire to make the general standard of remuneration. But the State must furthermore give fair wages. What fair wages may be is not easily determinable, but we know what fair wages are not. They are not such as will ensure cold and hunger to little children and compel women to neglect their household duties and roam abroad in quest of work. That such wages are unjust does not need a reasoned body of philosophy to prove. The common instincts of humanity prove it.

But, it will be said, such an enhancement of the standard of remuneration for wages will ruin

many private employers of labour. With wages doubled and trebled they will not be able to stand the expense, your paternal Government will ruin them; they cannot compete with the State, or with wealthy companies, or individuals who may be able to stand the strain. Be it so. Let them confess themselves beaten and retire. If they can only make their industries flourish by paying starvation wages to their employees, the fact proves that they are unfit for the occupation upon which they entered. We are not going to starve little children in order that small Shylocks may abound, or em-brute and slay British citizens that Cain may walk abroad without the ancient mark on his brow. Let them retire and make way for men who *will* give a fair day's wages for a fair day's work, and who can employ at the Government standard of remuneration.

Moreover, we cannot now talk of ruin. Ruin, in current language, means precipitation into the social gulf of penury and destitution. But when the State assumes its true function, the fall is checked at a point a long way on this side of destitution. The ruined man, if he cannot procure employment elsewhere suitable to his abilities, will take service under the State, which will discover the measure of his capabilities and use him accordingly. The man who can only make his business pay by starving his employees and their children, is

not fit to be an employer. Let him seek his true position.

Once the State honestly undertakes these functions I foresee the commencement of an age of vital reform. To begin with, the State will need officers, overseers, engineers, skilled artists of many kinds. There will be a demand for young men of talent, energy, and the qualities which inspire respect and obedience. Men of this stamp leave our shores by hundreds and thousands to enrich the colonies, or it may be to herd sheep in the desolate solitudes of Brazil. The Home Office will need reform. The repression of waste labour grown vicious and criminal will be found not to be its true function. Now from this side, now from that, duties, cares, responsibilities will grow upon the State, demanding recognition. With the public money flowing out presumed for reproductive work, and the creation of public and national wealth, the Chancellor of the Exchequer will find his accounts rather more closely scrutinised than they are at present. As the pressure of taxation is felt, the public will not tolerate an idle aristocracy gathering in and consuming the rent of all England. Our ancient nobility will feel the necessity of reforming themselves, or be reformed from without. All this is vague, indefinite, and lost in the cloudland of the future; but any man who trusts in the simple and undeniable supremacy of the moral law will believe

with me that the adoption of an essentially right and just principle, though it may lead to other and far-reaching results, will lead to none which can be dangerous or disastrous. We are so constituted that we cannot imagine justice leading to evil, while we know that injustice must lead to evil.

CHAPTER XII.

· ENGLAND AND JUAN FERNANDEZ.

IN the existing constitution of society in England a man falls out of employment. He seeks work, and can get none. He approaches the State, or those agencies which the State has established for his relief. He says: "I do not want a pauper's dole. I do not want to be a burthen on the community, or to eat the bitter bread of the alms receiver." "We cannot give you work," is the reply; "we will give you food, clothing, warmth, and shelter, and we will make you a pauper." Political economists may persuade themselves that this is right and just. But common sense and common justice and humanity declare at once that such a method of dealing with our distressed fellow countrymen is diabolical. Why should we convert our brother, who asks for honourable work, into a degraded recipient of alms, and tax ourselves to maintain him in demoralising idleness?

Let us suppose Robinson Crusoe treating Friday on this principle : " My good Friday, I cannot think of letting you work for me ; I have been told that any such weakness on my part would result in indescribable pains and penalties to myself. But, being a Christian, I cannot let you starve. Though you are young, strong, and active, and might be of the greatest service to me as a worker, I will with my own hands build a snug cottage for you, while you stand by or bask in the sun. I will give you a portion of my wardrobe, and every day without fail I will bring you food. I will also read the Bible for you and pray with you, and when you are sick I will supply you with daintier viands and even a portion of my small stock of rum. For I am a Christian, Friday, and am commanded to feed the hungry and clothe the naked."

This is the poor-law system of England—the flower of modern philanthropy, Christianity, and political economy.

What Robinson actually did is that which I am suggesting as the true policy of the Tory Democracy, seeking how it may circumvent Radicalism and Mr. Henry George. To Toryism there are three courses open, one of which it must accept. It must resist change, following the lines of traditional Conservatism, or it must reform itself in the direction of Radicalism on the lines which superficial persons believe to be the real programme of

the party, or it must attach the democracy to itself, by the method I have indicated, which, too, is the method commended by common sense and unsophisticated nature. Take the most ardent and fanatical adherent of *laissez faire* in politics, even Mr. Herbert Spencer himself, release him from a condition of things in which his perceptions have been confused by a false and selfish philosophy, and he will inevitably adopt the method of dealing with poverty and distress which I am recommending as the basis of a national policy for the Tory Democratic party. Put him in Robinson Crusoe's position and he will act as Crusoe did.

But it may be maintained that what is possible and desirable in such a state of society, the very simplest one can conceive, is not so, as society by growing larger grows more complicated. This is not so, as I think reflection will establish. Suppose that Crusoe, still wielding the sovereignty of his small realm, were at the head of fifty men when Friday was thrown destitute upon his shore, would he then send a levy of his men to build a cottage, laying Friday under *tabu* not to help with stick or stone, and other levies to raise food for him and make his clothing? Unless Crusoe's brains had been addled by *laissez faire* philosophy he would do nothing of the kind. As he treated Friday when he was himself state and population he would surely treat him under these altered conditions—substan-

tially in the same way though with different methods. If unable, by pressure of business, to personally superintend the employment of Friday, he would select one of his men to perform the duty which, when he was alone in the island, he performed himself—a man wise enough, kind enough, and stern enough to teach and direct the poor castaway. Nor would his delegate require the whip, as is sometimes argued by those who oppose the State employment of pauper labour. There would be quite whip enough in the relations between Friday and his employers. The little realm being unblest with a system under which idleness can cosher upon industry, Friday would have to do his duty, and please his employers, or starve. With a poor-law relief system to fall back upon, no doubt even the good Friday would become lazy and mutinous enough.

But, as a matter of fact, in a simple and primitive state of society, Crusoe's treatment of Friday would not be adopted. If the island were not fully inhabited, or not wholly reduced to private ownership, Crusoe would probably find means of converting him into a farmer or a hunter, and would supply him with land for that purpose. If the island were reduced to private ownership, and if still none of Crusoe's subjects were willing to employ him, the alternative would be presented to him of destroying private ownership, so as to get

Friday a farm, or of supplying him with employment and wages, and exercising over him control. Physically speaking, indeed, there are besides two other courses open : he might let Friday starve, or he might adopt the English poor-law system, and maintain him in idleness by a tax. But morally there are only the two first.

These are the alternatives, the choice of which is being thrust upon us here in England by events and the new developments of political philosophy. The State must employ the so-called waste labour, or grant to labour a right to the soil. The latter, or Georgian theory, is that towards which Radicalism tends with a yearly increasing velocity. No one who has read Mr. Chamberlain's speeches can doubt that he is heading straight for that consummation. Now that English Radicalism, as represented by him, is reinforced by two millions of voters, landless, but who know how to till land, land nationalisation, and the right of labour to approach the soil for its own benefit, will be pushed forthwith to the very front and chief place in the Radical programme. If Conservatism does not intend to keep stumbling stupidly along the same line of advance, and is really in earnest in its intention of appealing to the masses for support, it must adopt that other alternative, and enunciate just as distinctly, and with just as fierce an emphasis, as the cardinal principle in its policy, the natural and indefeasible right of labour

to employment and maintenance at the hands of the State. When parties fall back upon first principles, their politics become fervent and their action evinces an almost supernatural energy and passion. Such were the politics and such the action of the American abolitionists, asserting as a principle the personal freedom of man. When Radicalism has advanced to the ground now occupied by Mr. Chamberlain, and asserts that England belongs to the English people, and that the English labourer has a natural and indefeasible right to the use of the soil, it will evolve passionate energies which can only be met by an appeal as clear and direct to first principles, as universal and as readily apprehensible. Let it be remembered too that Radicalism, asserting its principle, combines the two mighty forces of capital and labour in a joint crusade against the territorial proprietors. A policy which would abolish all taxation save that on land will, in the long run, combine against land-owners forces practically irresistible, save by a counter policy reaching as deep and resting on principles as strong. If it be a part of Lord Randolph Churchill's policy, as his support of Mr. Broadhurst's Bill seems to indicate, to break up the big estates and diffuse land-ownership so as to identify the interests of many in an institution now identified with the interests of a few, he is wasting precious time and opportunities. Before

may one day fall. Hence in the labouring classes there is an ever-present fear and anxiety which darken their lives. That sense of fear would be absolutely removed should the State undertake to find employment for those who seek her aid. Beyond enlistment with the State for honourable industrial service the labourer cannot fall. The gulfs are closed.

The remuneration given by the State to the men employed in the national services would be a standard of wages, or rather the lowest point which wages could touch. If the private employer will not pay as much, his men will take service with the State. Governments have frequently endeavoured to fix remuneration by statute, and have always failed. They must fail until they offer themselves the wages which they desire to make the general standard of remuneration. But the State must furthermore give fair wages. What fair wages may be is not easily determinable, but we know what fair wages are not. They are not such as will ensure cold and hunger to little children and compel women to neglect their household duties and roam abroad in quest of work. That such wages are unjust does not need a reasoned body of philosophy to prove. The common instincts of humanity prove it.

But, it will be said, such an enhancement of the standard of remuneration for wages will ruin

many private employers of labour. With wages doubled and trebled they will not be able to stand the expense, your paternal Government will ruin them; they cannot compete with the State, or with wealthy companies, or individuals who may be able to stand the strain. Be it so. Let them confess themselves beaten and retire. If they can only make their industries flourish by paying starvation wages to their employees, the fact proves that they are unfit for the occupation upon which they entered. We are not going to starve little children in order that small Shylocks may abound, or em-brute and slay British citizens that Cain may walk abroad without the ancient mark on his brow. Let them retire and make way for men who *will* give a fair day's wages for a fair day's work, and who can employ at the Government standard of remuneration.

Moreover, we cannot now talk of ruin. Ruin, in current language, means precipitation into the social gulf of penury and destitution. But when the State assumes its true function, the fall is checked at a point a long way on this side of destitution. The ruined man, if he cannot procure employment elsewhere suitable to his abilities, will take service under the State, which will discover the measure of his capabilities and use him accordingly. The man who can only make his business pay by starving his employees and their children, is

intelligence of the manufacturing and commercial classes, and the money-power will supply the sinews of war. I would have Lord Randolph Churchill and the Tory Democratic leaders earnestly reflect whether by any methods of political warfare other than that which I have indicated, they can hope to resist Radicalism, passionately maintaining that the English people own England. If Radicalism can marshal the masses to the cry that Englishmen have a right to the vote, with how much greater power can it stir up the people with the cry that Englishmen have a right to their native land! When Conservatism of the stagnant type produces a book as brilliant, as plausible, and as popular as "Progress and Poverty," and can set out principles as readily apprehended and as alluring as Mr. Chamberlain's, it may feel confidence, but not till then.

But, it may be replied, sophistry must be defeated in the long run. Even an appeal to the cupidity of large masses of men must fail if it be opposed by reason and common sense. Can those who urge this be sure of it? Alluring sophistry has ere now precipitated revolutions. And are they quite certain that Mr. George's book is sophistry? Let them read it closely, and test first the strength or brittleness of his reasoning. But let me remind them of a significant fact. All educated men will admit that Thomas Carlyle was one of the

greatest men of genius, if not the greatest of those expressing themselves in prose, whom England has produced in the present century. That he was profoundly and essentially a friend to the territorial aristocracy no one who has read his books can fail to perceive. In the last of his published works he says significantly, "they are the best class in England," and the key to all his political writings consists in an earnest desire, passionately expressed, to awaken them to a sense of their duties and responsibilities. Yet this man not only predicts the rise of the Georgian philosophy and the rise of a party legislating in accordance with its principles, but maintains, too, that with the weapons of reason alone that philosophy cannot be answered. The real answer to the agrarian party, as prescribed by that profound thinker, must be one not given in words but in deeds, in a bold, cheerful undertaking of responsibilities and performance of duty by the assailed classes, in their private capacity and also in their public capacity as an influential element in the State. In Carlyle's day the territorial aristocracy were practically the Government of the country, and could work effectually in both spheres. Still, even with curtailed power and influence they must do the best they can, if they wish to avoid otherwise inevitable fate. The answer to the alluring Georgian philosophy, to the alliance of capital and labour against the territorial interest, is to be

given not in words but in deeds, and chiefly in the practical recognition of the fact that waste labour has a natural and indefeasible right to employment. Consider again the illustration of Robinson and his Friday. Plainly, if Friday is to live at all, he must be treated by the island-lord, (1) on the poor-law system, which only a mad Crusoe would dream of; or (2) by the method that Crusoe actually adopted; or (3) Crusoe must grant to him some interest in the soil, give him rights in the island and to the produce of the island, either free or conditional on payment of rent. Let us suppose that he makes him a rent-paying occupier, and demands a third of the fruits of his industry for the permission, a third which he consumes, acknowledging no other relation save this of rent as subsisting between himself and the fugitive. Such an inhuman relation, one would not be surprised if it were brought to a sudden end some time by the assassination of the rent extractor. But let us suppose that in one way or another, by barter, cajolery, or otherwise, Friday succeeds in getting into his possession the fire-arms, slugs, and powder of the island-lord, and learns how to use them, is it not plain that the latter would have either to adopt some human relations with the fugitive, grounded on his superior wisdom and the perception of that fact on Friday's part, or cease demanding rent from his well-armed tenant?

Suppose Friday were to refuse payment of rent, maintaining that the island was made by the Great Spirit of his race, not by Crusoe, and that Crusoe's prior occupation gave him no ownership, Crusoe would need to be a very persuasive reasoner indeed to secure by argument only a steady inflow into his cave or summer-house of a regular third of Friday's labour.

Mutatis mutandis, is not this exactly the position in which the landlords of England stand to-day in relation to the non-landowning classes? They acknowledge no other human relation with them than such as are founded upon rent. But at the same time, in one way or another their weapons of offence and defence have passed from their hands to the hands of the English Fridays. The latter are now well armed, armed with votes, and steadily drawing to themselves the powers once exclusively held by the landlords. The actual power is gone, and the influence of custom and habit is fast melting away. "Progress and Poverty" has proved a strong solvent, and Radical agitation will do the rest. Plainly, under such changed circumstances, the English Crusoes must establish or revive some human relations with the English Fridays, or as mere rent extractors cease out of the island. They cannot subsist side by side with the rest upon such a footing, with all the physical force in the hands of the Fridays, and all the rent in the

hands of a small and weak class. Out of the lunatic asylum there should not be to-day a mind in England capable of contemplating as permanent such a relation as that.

Friday, I say, has a natural right either to Crusoe's guidance, control, protection, paternal regard, or, if Crusoe will not give him that, and form as between them a civilised and human society, then the other natural right to the free use of the island. And at all events, whether we admit these rights or not, we can see plainly enough that the Fridays are becoming resolved to enforce the latter right, and that as a mere policy of expediency it were better for the Crusoes to admit and strive to realise the former.

"Unemployed and waste labour has a right to be employed." So said poet Burns, so said the Chartists, so said the great historian Carlyle, so says Mr. Ruskin, so says the prince of statesmen, Bismarck, so say common sense, common humanity, common prudence, and now a young English statesman has said it too. Stick to it, my lord. It is a good horse this—his other name—*National Energy*. Back him with all you have—with your *life* if necessary. He is the best in our stud, unconquerable, of divine breed. We know him as a war-horse, neck clothed with thunder, etc. Who has seen him quail? Bring him out for wars not fratricidal, wars against the demon-powers of Nature, against

poverty, vice, idleness, crime—against the world-conquering anarchy of these days. For State-employed labour must be State-controlled labour, organised, disciplined, officered better than the best of our crack regiments, better than our best men-of-war.

CHAPTER XIII.

ELECTIONEERING AND OTHER ADVANTAGES.

LET the young Tory party reflect now upon the moral and intellectual character of this big, dark, waste democracy, whose favour they must win, or perish out of the political world. These great multitudes of men whose lives are mainly spent in manual toil can follow no close chain of reasoning, and do not understand nice distinctions or arguments such as Mr. Herbert Spencer would delight in. An idea to have power with them must be simple and massive, simple and unencumbered with corollaries, limitations, adjustments, etc., that they may understand it, and massive that they may not ignore it. See the multitude in a circus. It is not refined wit and delicately humorous movements that the clever circus-manager sets before them, but broad Brobdingnag jokes, and a sort of large, easily-appreciated buffoonery. Mr. George, therefore, has done wisely in divesting his land nationali-

sation project of limitations and compromises. He does not propose purchase of the land. He sets before the people the simple and massive idea that the nation is lord of the soil every inch, and that they have been ousted from their ownership by fraud and force. Tentative proposals, especially if accompanied with the notion of purchase, would lessen the sense of indignation upon which he and his rely, would make the idea small instead of massive, complicated and obscure instead of simple. I say he has done wisely in his generation, and with a true perception of the nature of democracy, and that English Radicalism, halting and hesitating in its initial movements but on the same road as Mr. George, will ere long fling away its *impedimenta*, its scruples and suggested compromises, and steadily march forward to join him.

Now, to meet such Radicalism with its idea simple and massive, Conservatism must put forward an idea at least as simple and massive, and I will thank the critic to find another fulfilling those qualifications as does the principle which I claim to be the very essence of the Tory Democratic party, the native-born right of the English man or English woman to a fair day's wages for a fair day's work, the Chartist cry pronounced by Thomas Carlyle to be as fair a demand as one man ever made of another. Turn and sift the problem how you will, you will find none other with which Conservatives

can rouse and awaken the masses of the people, stimulate their enthusiasm, and march them shouting to the polling-booths. To the simplest intelligence it is fascinating, as the land confiscation idea is not. Theoretically good, this latter with a little probing and popular exposition may be shown to be practically bad. Dull, stationary Conservatism cannot do this, but progressive Conservatism, holding up the counter idea of work for all willing hands, can. There is a deep and ineradicable belief in human nature which all the arguments of *laissez faire* philosophers and all the sneers of smart writers cannot eradicate, that Governments ought to consider the welfare of their subjects and secure them their rights; and to a simple intelligence what right is so clear as this, that he willing to work, and standing on his native soil, has a right to work? All the philosophers from the days of Adam Smith could not get that simple idea out of the mind of the unemployed man, and of that simplest, deepest, and most primitive conception of his rights, Tory Democracy may, if it likes, become the champion.

The arguments usually employed against the proposition that the State should directly employ labour in industrial enterprises are mutually contradictory. Common sense endeavoured to be heard at the time of the passage of the Poor Law Amendment Act, but was loudly resisted by the professors of "the dismal science," backed by the

selfish instincts of the capitalists. "What," said they, "will you bring the State with its vast resources into competition with private enterprise? You will tax the employers in order to furnish money for the employment of paupers, and with the money levied off them you will compete with and break them down? This is plainly unjust."

Now, leaving aside the question of justice, this argument assumes that State-directed industry will beat down the industry that is directed by private employers. It predicts victory and success for the State. Then why not? Things will be cheaper for the consumer. But it is also maintained that without the sting of private interest industry must be conducted in a perfunctory, ruinous, and wasteful manner, and that the money so spent will be lost. But this argument predicts failure for State directed industry, and is, therefore, incompatible with the former. One or other of these arguments must be relinquished, for plainly the State cannot at the same time both succeed and fail.

The latter argument, that which assumes that State-directed labour must be inefficacious owing to the absence of private interest, is that which is most generally used just now. Plausible as it sounds, it is even more absurd than the other. So far as private interest is concerned, the labourer

at all events is just as much interested when employed by the nation as when employed by the individual. The employee of Mr. Jones has as little interest in the condition of Mr. Jones's balance at the bank as if Mr. Jones were a State official. In either case, if he does not perform his duty, he is liable to dismissal, and can be made to feel in his pocket the consequences of his misconduct. Consider again, that in the present age joint-stock companies are beating individual capitalists in many fields of enterprise. Yet the directors of the companies are themselves officials employed by a mass of ignorant shareholders, and occupy towards them a position somewhat resembling that of Ministers to the nation. Yet around Ministers there is the full glare of publicity. Self-interest will act on them just as strongly as upon directors, and we may imagine that a sense of public duty and responsibility will affect them rather more powerfully than a bank director is affected by a sense of his duty to shareholders.

However, I do not purpose now entering into anything like a full examination of this department of the subject. Those who repeat the stock nonsense about the defectiveness of State-employed labour, in face of the fact that it is such labour alone which is adequate for the performance of the greatest and most herculean tasks, can be convinced by no reasoning. The man who, see-

ing an athlete lift two hundredweight, gravely maintains that he can by no possibility lift fifty pounds, cannot be argued out of his position. The publicist who, knowing that State-employed labour created and maintains the British Empire, maintains that State-employed labour cannot drain a bog or make a pair of shoes, has made up his mind, and no reasoning will get him to unmake it again. I do not write to convince closet theorists that they have forgotten some fundamental facts in political philosophy, but to remind intelligent practical men who find themselves at hand-grips with an overmastering power, that by a certain method, and by that method only, will they achieve political victory.

The incidental benefits and reforms necessarily connected with the assumption by the State of this rôle are not slight, but very great, far-reaching, and full of hope. The abolition of the poor-law system will be the destruction of a monstrosity and corrupting agency without parallel in the annals of human cruelty and human stupidity. Consider only some of its beautiful results. A prostitute seeks and gains admission to the workhouse in the winter. Summer and warm weather bring her out to ply her traffic anew. As winter approaches she returns, and in the spring presents her country with a bastard. As years succeed she presents others. Outside of the workhouse is a

poor widow, straining every nerve to keep her little family together, toiling, struggling, striving on the sheer edge of pauperism's black gulf. Her we cunningly tax for the support of the prostitute and her bastards, to whom we grant free maintenance; although, if we chose, we could make this woman earn her own and her children's living, or suffer the natural penalty of her course of life. Moreover, of the tax which we levy off the widow not half reaches the prostitute and her children, the rest is lost and intercepted somehow. Thus, speaking generally, we can say that the still solvent and industrious poor are taxed to support those who need punishment more than relief. Those on the edge of pauperism we help to drive over the brink, and those already over we plunge deeper into the depths of viciousness and degradation. In Ireland, at least in country places, it is not the deserving poor who accept the shelter of the workhouse. These starve or become beggars, whom the peasantry treat with kindness and sympathy. It is the thoroughly low and vicious who resort thither. The system is as corrupting in practice as it is monstrous in theory. Why was it ever adopted? The reason is not far to seek. It was because the private employers of labour feared the competition of the State, for the alternative policy of maintaining man in idleness is the maintaining of man in work. But

this is merely giving a reason, it is not proving that the system is right. A man may give a reason why he has kicked his wife to death, but his reason will fail to prove that he is not a scoundrel and a murderer. The State which, in obedience to certain selfish instincts of certain classes, has adopted the poor-law system and refuses to employ poverty, murders men and women and little children, and murders not the body only but the soul. The Tory Democracy, while fighting with and overthrowing Radicalism, will be just as surely overthrowing a system of organised murder.

The only real danger to society and the State arises from the proletariat, the unemployed or underpaid masses of men. While drafting the worst and most dangerous of these into the service of the State and minimising the revolutionary tendencies of the rest, the Tory Democracy will be at the same time striking down its political foes and strengthening the foundations of society.

Be the Georgian theory, that low wages and stinted employment depend upon rent, true or not, at all events the working classes have not yet realised that it is true. For an assault upon territorial proprietors they are not at this moment ripe. But thanks to the Trade Unions and, indeed, the common, obvious facts of existence, they do universally regard with hostile eye the employers

of labour. Employment and good wages they want, and that now and to-day, and will regard with all the more gratitude and enthusiasm the party which offers this, because it will strike a blow at employers and capitalists. The relation between wages and rent they do not see, as yet; but the schoolmaster is abroad, and Radicalism, of which the very brain is capital, will take care to keep him abroad. The leaders of the Tory Democracy cannot afford to wait. Well organised, the party might sweep the constituencies while Radicalism is still drawing its great but somewhat cumbrous weapon. The operative to-day feels no hostility to the landlord, but he does feel a very stern sense of hostility to the capitalist. He will rejoice in a high standard of wages as well because it is in itself good, as because it will be bitter as death to the capitalist.

A nation at unity with itself, all classes co-operating harmoniously, the individual will and the national will working in concert and sympathy, form some of the attractions of the Socialistic dream to generous and high-aspiring minds. Socialism, like the Millennium, is a devout dream, or, if you like, a nightmare; still enthusiasts are a power. No prudent statesman will scare from his side the young men who see visions, or the old men who dream dreams. With our Tory Democratic principle professed Socialists will sympathise. With it, too, will

sympathise all that floating, uncommitted mass of opinion which cannot but recognise the greatness of Socialistic aspirations, while it fears to trust the expounders of Socialism. Land confiscation, on the other hand, inaugurates the reign of intense and universal individualism, a result hateful to Socialists. The Tory Democracy would be on this side reinforced not only by many votes but by some noble and patriotic natures; men, for example, of the type of the late Charles Kingsley, who called himself a Christian Socialist, Mr. William Morris, Mr. Ruskin and his whole school. I do not merely guess that Mr. Ruskin is a Tory Democrat, as I understand the word, I know it. But for Mr. Ruskin and his books I should probably not have written this work.

There is in England a strong and deep sense of fair play, which the Georgian theory outrages. The proposal that of two brothers, the one who invested his money in land should be ruined, and he who invested his money in machinery should be enriched, is at first sight so monstrous that to many minds "Progress and Poverty" will always seem as wicked as absurd. The Georgian philosophy does not force its way by its own merits so much as the contemplation of the wide, wasting human misery by which, perhaps, the inquirer has long since been haunted, and which Mr. George takes good care that he shall never forget. Such passages as this

penetrate and cling like barbed arrows, piercing sheer through all defensive armour :

“It is not from the produce of the past that rent is drawn, it is from the produce of the present. It is a toll levied on labour constantly and continuously. Every blow of the hammer, every stroke of the pick, every thrust of the shuttle, every throb of the steam-engine, pay it tribute. It levies on the earnings of men who, deep under ground, risk their lives, and of those who, over white surges, hang to reeling masts. It claims the just reward of the capitalist and the fruits of the inventor’s patient toil. It takes little children from play and from school, and compels them to work before their bones are hard or their muscles are firm. It robs the shivering of warmth, the hungry of food, the sick of medicine, the anxious of peace.”

The disciple of Mr. George who has convinced himself that his false-prophet prophesies aright, and that rent is the great primary cause of the suffering which he brings before his mind so vividly, so frequently, and with a pathos so profound and so tender, will not be stopped by the apparent injustice of ruining one rich man and enhancing the riches of another rich man. He will regard these things as trifles set over against the black mass of suffering and horror. As against a Conservative policy which fights only for vested interests, stubbornly resolved to keep things as

they are, he will be a Georgian, therefore a Radical, and a follower of Mr. Chamberlain in his approaching campaign against landlordism. Nevertheless, the outrage to the common, unsophisticated sense of fair play involved in the ruin of one rich man and the enhancing of the riches of another rich man, is still there, though it cannot assert itself against a party given over to a stupid maintenance of the *status quo*. Now all those, and they are many, including, I dare say, the majority of professed Georgians, who do recognise this seeming injustice, this apparent one-sidedness and partiality, would probably to a man come over to the Tory Democratic party enunciating the principle of State-employed labour. For this principle strikes out all round. It does not spare or enrich the iron Dives, and strike the agrarian Dives to the earth. It is impartial, for the rise of wages which lessens the profits of the capitalist would lessen the rent of the landowner. Moreover, the relief promised by land confiscation is remote, and that promised by the State employment of labour immediate. Consequently his sense of justice and sense of compassion would be alike satisfied.

Once the Tory Democratic party adopts the principle of State-employed labour, it would be joined also by another and powerful class—men of sagacious and prophetic minds. To such it is all but certain that, in a country like England, the

victory of the Georgian Radicals would result in a sea of anarchy and confusion amidst whose bloody waves England would collapse and go down. Let the rent tribute paid by the English people to the landlords be as great as is alleged, the greater it be the stronger will be my argument. Let it be two hundred millions a year, as is alleged by Mr. George. Under the existing system these two hundred millions a year are spent in the employment of certain descriptions of labour. Let us suppose that some five millions of people are sustained by the expenditure of this sum. Land nationalisation would divert this money into different channels of employment. The dislocation and suspension of employment would be immense, considering only those immediately dependent on rent and its present expenditure for their daily bread. But the indirect dislocation and suspension of industry would be greater still, for we must consider the blow which would be indirectly struck at thousands of employers and industrial firms by the diversion into new modes of expenditure of such a sum as two hundred millions per annum. As Mr. George has acutely pointed out, when the working classes of England are sufficiently roused to nationalise the land they will do it without compensation. "They will not bother about compensation." They will do it thoroughly, completely, and in a tornado of passion. But the benefits which, according to the Georgian

logic, should flow from the change require some lapse of time during which to come forth and ripen. The ill results pointed out above will immediately appear. Hundreds of thousands of men will be suddenly cast out of employment, to swell still more the unsubdued storm of revolutionary passion. Mistaking the cause, and still inflamed with the appetite of public plunder, the work of confiscation will go on. The public debt will be thrown over, the Church will sink, the public services will be attenuated. With every new revolutionary measure the area of dislocation and suspension of existing industries will be widened, rent itself disappearing like the gold eggs of the slain bird in the fable. Who can calculate the force and direction of a popular storm powerful enough to overthrow the strongest interest in the country after the State itself, and which does not even pretend to introduce a new element of order, or in any way to strengthen the bonds of authority? For the new elements of order promised by Mr. George must, even under favourable circumstances, require the lapse of years for their appearance. I have used the authority of Carlyle already against a stupid and stationary Conservatism. There is, indeed, much in the writings of that great and prophetic spirit suggestive of democracy. I remark that one of Mr. George's chapters is preceded by a motto taken from him, keenly satirical of rent exactions. But

let me remind English Georgians that Carlyle, anticipating the rise of the land nationalisation party, and outlining, and even justifying, from a scientific point of view, the arguments which they employ, also predicted that land nationalisation would be one of the stages through which English democracy would pass along its fateful road to inevitable anarchy. With the whole force of his being he called upon England to avoid the Radical road and pursue that which I now, partly taught by him, point out to the Tory Democracy as the road which will not only lead them to political victory, but lead England to her own salvation. None in his day listened to him. Political power was divided between the bourgeois and the territorial proprietors, both alike, by their selfish instincts, fiercely hostile to the employment of labour by the State. The sceptre is now fast passing to a new class, and Conservatism at least is represented by a man sufficiently intelligent to perceive, and sufficiently courageous and statesman-like to execute the counsel given to his own generation with a desperate earnestness by the greatest intellect since the days of Burke which has addressed itself to the social and political problems of England.

A Conservative policy which will counteract the influence of Mr. George must be on its side as thorough as he is on his own. The doctrines of his

book have sunk deep into thousands of ardent, intelligent, and generous young minds ; yet of these there are not many who have no misgivings, and once Conservatism formulates and announces a progressive policy, the ground will be cut from beneath Mr. George in minds of the best type. Pity, imagination, and logic are the strong points of the Georgian philosophy. Democratic Toryism, advancing along its true path, will appeal as strongly to pity, imagination, and logic, and will besides address itself to the prudence and caution of men. The considerations which I have advanced against the Georgian theory reveal great perils which only the most obstinate and fanatical can fail to perceive.

I maintain, too, that Mr. George's theory, by the nature of the case, cannot touch the imagination as will the spectacle of the State presenting itself as the controller and director of men engaged in industrial work. Rightly or wrongly, as civilisation advances and power concentrates, the thoughts of men revolve more and more around the central authority. It is this fact which, in societies that have reached our stage, so frequently creates despotism. Whatever we do as a nation attracts and fascinates. General Gordon might have gone to Khartoum under circumstances ten times more creditable to himself without charming the public mind. As the delegate of England all eyes were turned upon him. The work which, as

a nation, we undertake, will not fail to stir the imagination. When our troops marched through London on their return from Tel-el-Kebir, the applause which greeted them was not caused so much by the fact that they were victorious in war as that they were England's soldiers, victorious in England's quarrel. Will any one tell me that public applause as great would not greet one of England's industrial services returning after having fully and completely performed a great and arduous undertaking? War is at best a sad necessity. Even victorious, our heroes return with thinned ranks, maimed and mutilated; one-armed men, one-legged men, and widows and orphans abound. State-employed labour, under the new *régime*, will be as well controlled and disciplined, its *esprit de corps* and sense of honour as carefully nurtured, and its triumphs the victory of man over the brute powers of nature. Sweat only, not tears, will be shed in the campaigns conducted by the State under the Tory Democratic *régime*, if it be true to the vital and profound principle which, all unperceived as it is, has given to that young party its strength so far.

And here let me assert a fact which I believe as firmly as my own existence. It is not poverty that the poor suffer most from, nor hardship, nor unintermittent toil, it is the sense of isolation, the sense that no one cares for them—that they are in

no human relation with other classes. Treat a man like a *man*, and he will die for those who so treat him; he will march empty-bellied and thirsty, enduring every privation, if you do but thus treat him like a man. I think Napoleon, and every good general I ever heard of, knew a little of this secret. Let us, too, know a little of it. This dark, waste, mutinous proletariat has in it the old heroic stuff, the old loyalty, obedience, and love which our ancestors, in the ages called dark, knew how to evoke. It is ours if we want it, but only ours on conditions—the old conditions. It is not confiscation that, in the depths of its being, this fierce democracy craves. Hungry agitators are so interpreting their desire, setting up as their real want and wish what exists only on the surface of their minds. You, who have power in the State, treat these people like men, and they will follow you like men, follow you to the death if necessary, as indeed in the times coming it may be necessary. And remember this, it is essential that human treatment include stern methods as well as soft. For the best of us soft methods alone are not good, for the waste, mutinous, long-uncontrolled proletariat they are very far from good.

The weak side of Toryism is apparent at any popular meeting. When it has played upon its catch-words, and sent the charmed phrases flying, it has come to an end. But there are thousands to

whom the catch-words have no charm, and there are others who have emancipated themselves in whole or in part from their power. The theme which most nearly touches suffering humanity the Conservative orator must avoid. He cannot express his sympathy with the poor, his consciousness that their lot is hard and cruel, and his indignation with laws framed for the maintenance of their condition. These have been the favourite themes of Radical agitators, and men high in the Liberal party have not been ashamed to draw such music as they might from those strings without attaching any particular meaning to their words. Trending as it does Georgewards, Radicalism will redouble its moanings over poverty and the hard lot of the working-man, half starved in the midst of teeming wealth, because it now perceives more clearly a political programme exactly suited to its genius. Hitherto Conservatism, having no programme which even pretended to promise relief to the poor and the oppressed, was silent as to wrongs and sufferings. Let Conservatism declare for the national employment of labour, and it can bid far more effectively for the political support of the unfortunate than Radicalism can even affect to do. The Conservative orator can declare, and truly declare, that his cause is the cause of the poor; he can descend into the lowest social depths and announce there good tidings. He need not then trouble himself about maintaining

a restricted franchise. On the contrary, the lower the franchise the better should be the prospects of Conservatism. The poorer the voter the more he will love the party which promises that his only talents—the power and the will to work—will be put to useful service by the State. It is not the householder who most needs such a party, it is the man who has no house, the homeless, the vagabond, and the pauper. Conservatism confronting revolution, and defending, till it can utilise, the great institutions of the State, will embrace the two social extremes in the wide compass of its statesmanship. The great peer and the out-at-elbow tramp will alike know that the cause of Conservatism is his cause.

If the reasonings I have advanced be correct, no experimenting to test their truth is necessary. Still, seeing is believing, and a successful experiment has more proof in it to many minds than the most rigid and careful array of *a priori* arguments. Lord Randolph Churchill has already achieved great political success owing to his popular sympathies. His feelings towards the masses of his fellow countrymen are friendly and trustful. He has expressed much that is in their hearts, let him express a thought which is nearest and deepest in the hearts of nineteen out of twenty of his countrymen. That thought is the hardness of life. For once that the working-man thinks of politics, he

thinks twenty times of wages, of employment, of a black time coming or a black time gone, of his wife and his children. In the streets of our cities, in the fields, in the mines, factories, workshops, beneath the golden haze of England's greatness, prowls ever the famished wolf frightening where he does not feed. To this universal terror Radicalism intends to address itself, nay, is addressing itself to a terror which is universal, and also to an appetite, a passion of desire to get, which is universal too, and which, in the decay of religion and the relaxation of old habits of thought, will one day break down the State, as her servile races and the barbarians brake down Rome. Deep down in human nature lie those fierce aboriginal passions ready to burst up when the pressure from above becomes relaxed. These passions have been tamed and subdued, taught human uses as we have tamed and taught steam, fire, and electricity. Under two distinct modes of pressure, two layers, so to speak, they are kept down. One is religion—the fear of God; the other, loyalty—the obedience of men to their natural rulers. Now religion is going or gone, and now loyalty, the respect of the low for the high, is going or gone too. The habits of thought and action originating in those old and noble influences, sustained once by a real priesthood and a real aristocracy, are destined to pass away in time. They

are wearing thinner and more spectral every year. One day they will be too weak to hold in any longer the fierce passions which they have so long controlled—Radicalism, too, like the parent vulture helping break the shells of the young birds. All the signs of the times proclaim an approaching revolution which will be the most terrible ever witnessed in the earth's history. Hitherto, at all events, revolutions have been precipitated by famine, by men hungry themselves or who fear hunger, or by fed classes sympathising with the unfed. By the principle I advocate alone can revolution be forefended, for the hungry, as they arise, the unemployed, the unsuccessful—unsuccessful, be it remembered generally, because of their faults, always fit material for the revolutionary agitator—will be steadily drained off into the State services. Here not only are they segregated from the rest like rotten timber separated from the live tree, leaving the uncontrolled classes stronger and more free, but having been disciplined and organised become buttresses of the State and pillars of society, they with their officers. Left alone, they would be the fuel of revolution and their officers bearers of the igniting torch to the same and fanners of the fire, a class of men well described in the name "incendiary agitators."

To these fierce appetitive passions the Tory orator cannot appeal nor need he appeal. To them

in the first instance even the Radical agitator cannot appeal. The latter addresses himself to the sense of wrong and injustice now so widely prevalent. To that sense of wrong he appeals, and seeks to concentrate the popular indignation thence arising upon a particular class. A bold, strong orator of this type may indeed work marvels, but an orator of equal powers addressing the popular assembly in advocacy of the Tory Democratic programme can appeal as strongly to the sense of wrong and direct the popular indignation against classes towards whom even now there is much general exasperation, viz., the direct employers of labour, so diverting it from a class which must be the backbone of Toryism, and whose wealth, influence, and pecuniary support are so essential, nay vital, for a Tory campaign. Moreover, in the simple heart of the democracy *he* can find and play upon strings that too emit deep and passionate tones, the national loyalty of a people to their Government, of a nation to the national will expressed in the State, using the time-honoured catchwords and phrases, so far as he thinks useful—phrases which will now have a new and vital significance as the State under Tory leadership is seen transforming itself into a reality, into something substantial and beneficent, caring for the people and their interests, and requiring in return the people's loyalty and obedience. Then, too, if he

have the wit to do so, he can riddle and rive with fierce sarcasm the land theories of the Radicals, the tailor with his needle setting potatoes, and Ben Brace ploughing the plain. I say he can cover with ridicule the whole George-cum-Chamberlain school if he take his ground upon the strong, irrefragable and really alluring and fascinating idea that the State is to employ all waste labour, and that all the distressed and cast-down may apply to her for employment and none will be rejected.

The principle of Tory Democracy, if the Tory Democracy aim at realities and a victory which will be permanent, must fulfil certain qualifications. It must be in itself sound, and such as will stand four-square to every wind of criticism, and it must be alluring and readily apprehensible by the masses of the people. Such, I contend, is the principle propounded in these pages, which, too, is a principle capable of infinite but gradual expansion, and nobly pursued will in time lead high and far, but always along solid roads, always binding and strengthening society as it is carried forward, always asserting the predominance of the State, of the national will, always and at every remove promulgating *duties* side by side with rights.

And then for literary support. Radicalism can appeal to the authority of an *American*, a man of talent; we can appeal to the authority of Thomas Carlyle, an *Englishman*, a man of

genius, of world-wide reputation, and whose reputation every year carries higher and higher. To Mr. George, England is only a country on which he desires to see the effects of his theory; to Carlyle, England was his mother, his dear native land, loved more than all the rest of the world beside.

I am aware that this treatise is somewhat incondite and inartistic, revealing things more by glances in this direction and in that, than by quite luminous, exact, and scientific treatment. The sympathetic, reflective reader must read into it much that he finds in his own mind. I can only say that with the whole force of my being I believe in the essential truth, and the practical importance, of the principles herein advanced. And let forward-looking minds consider this as a final suggestion, and reflect upon it earnestly with themselves: Whither as a goal does this nation tend, to what port is she bound? To no port at all, as we sail Time's sea to-day. As a nation we pursue no purpose. Our ship welters upon the tide of things, driven this way and that, a sport for the winds. As a nation we lack a purpose, we lack a port, or rather, as there is no final goal for such a ship as ours, we lack a direction, some far-off divine sphere to which we are bound. Radicalism has it not, cannot have it; but I think we have. I think it is indicated, provided for, in these pages. Every right

step necessitates another also right, and that a third, and so on for ever. And I think right and justice do conduct somewhither in a world constructed like this, and that those who faithfully pursue them, though by steps, and here a little and there a little, will not be for ever left in doubt as to the purposes for which in the divine scheme of things they and their England have been made and led so far upon their way.

Part III.—Ireland and the Hour.



Part III.—Ireland and the Hour.

CHAPTER I.

TO THE LANDLORDS OF IRELAND, AND WITH A LESS
IMMEDIATE SIGNIFICANCE TO THEIR TRANS-CHANNEL
COMPEERS.

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

I hope that by this time you clearly perceive the very steep nature of the incline along which you and your cause have been for the last six years sliding, and along which to-day you still slide. It is now nigh four years since I took the liberty to point* out where tobogganing of this sort, not so pleasant as the Canadian, was sure to terminate, you sitting still in that easy traditional attitude of yours. The termination, as you now see, is a precipice, the edge of the abyss down whose throat you will all disappear, carrying so much else with you, and no one bother himself about you any more.

* Crisis in Ireland, January, 1882.

Well, you have sat still—very still. The precious years are gone, but the steep incline is not gone or the law of gravitation, obeying which—for certain laws must be obeyed—you still keep your course downward, velocity increasing, while all the air grows darker, traitorous friends steering aside to the right hand and the left, faces not friendly multiplying, and voices far from kind. You have sat still. But you have done more. In this curious tobogganing, which, too, is a race for your properties, and perhaps for your lives, you have not been quite idle; you have steered—steered straight for the precipice. For so, and not otherwise, must we regard your Land Corporations, your ceaseless plots and plans to get bought out by English gold, your anile and fatuous vituperation of your enemies, your desertion of the weaker members of your own order, your boyish devotion to boyish amusements, and your transferences of yourselves and your quadrupeds across the Channel to pursue said boyish amusements there with the more comfort. All these ineptitudes, and others not mentioned, seem to your friends so many pats and variations of the steering-paddle by which you keep the nose of your sledge straight as a rifleman's aim for the edge of the abyss. Straight down—is it not so? Velocity increasing—can you doubt it? The faces not friendly and the voices—they multiply, don't they? The air—is it not a little darker than when I

last addressed you? The precipice—surely you see it now? Yes, it is quite so; and yet, for all, here you sit tobogganing and steering straight—the sorriest and most ovine set of men that the encircling sun looks down upon to-day. Alas! I believe there never will be, as I know there never has been within the cycle of recorded things, an aristocracy so rotten in its seeming strength, so recreant, resourceless, and stupid in the day of trial, so degenerate, outworn, and effete. You have outlived your day. In the normal course of things, in the natural growth of nations, I see now you should have been wiped out of existence some half-century since—would have been, but for England; long since would have fallen down and been forgotten but for the imperial crutch. It was a fatal crutch, that English one. You were a strong man till you took to it, and it has crippled you. Leaning upon it, you indeed kept the road like other wayfarers, but in the first tussle with that sturdy Land League thief you go down like a ninepin; sturdy thief uppermost, patrician cripple below, and bellowing for help. The corner of Mr. Bull's farm upon which this dreadful deed is being done, resounds, of course, with the most horrible outcries, lamentations, and appeals. But curiously enough, Mr. Bull, who three years ago collared and drew off the sturdy thief, though not until after he had given you a bad fall, declines now to do more than look

out at the window or show himself in an agitated way upon the doorstep. Mr. Bull, I think, is now pretty well resolved to let the precious couple settle the business according to their respective strengths, which, for my part, I believe will be rather a boon to the victim.

Yes, indeed, it is a shocking thing that a gentleman of your quality should be so treated by one of his own servants. Shocking, indeed, and clear against all custom and the law. Shocking, but scarcely unheard-of. Indeed, I have witnessed on the historic stage the appearances of such a sturdy thief too often to feel in the least surprised, or to look upon him as anything else than one of the ordinary products of Nature. The weak to the wall has been ever the rule of the road along history's highways, and the ancient laws and ordinances under which we live are as true to-day as when the heels of the Goth pashed in Roman blood, or when your Norman ancestors broke through the ill-knit anarchic chieftainry of the Celt, or the Papist aristocracy surrendered land and rule to those very sturdy thieves, your fighting Protestant forbears.

"Yes; of course many violent, unjust things were done in old barbarous times. But how dare you attempt to justify the things which are being done to-day, in the midst of civilisation and under the imperial ægis of England, by reference to

that savage and even brutal principle, the weak to the wall ! ”

Well, I do justify it ; and the principle is by no means savage and brutal, but infinitely beautiful and just. For consider, the weakness of a ruling class is not the physical weakness of a child or of a woman whom ruffians may maltreat. Their weakness is neglect of duties and responsibilities, love of pleasure, sport, and ease, lack of union and public spirit, selfishness, stupidity, and poltroonery. These weaknesses, you see, are moral ; and the law by which such land-owning, rent-consuming, and *quasi* man-ruling castes and powers have got, by one method or another, to disappear, is as just and sacred as the Bible itself, in which you will find that law laid down in every other page and intimated in every other word. You won't find it in the political economists, I admit, or in the pages of your favourite newspapers, but it is the world nevertheless. If I drop this pen it will fall. Do you think the mechanical law of gravitation is to hold good for ever, and the law by which corrupt aristocracies fall, crumble, and disappear—a law much older than the Reeks of Kerry or the Mourne Mountains—has been abrogated to suit the convenience of an ease-loving and unheroic race of Irish landlords ? No, indeed ; you may bet a thousand to nothing upon that.

“ But you know nothing about us, or you most

foully misrepresent us, and play into the hands of our enemies, when you describe the landlords of Ireland as a corrupt aristocracy. Man for man, we are as good, and a great deal better, than those who would destroy us."

Pardon me. I do know a good deal about you, directly and indirectly; and I do not say that as men you are not better, and a great deal better, than those who are now leagued against you, compassing your destruction. You are still the best class we have, and so far better than the rest that there is none fit to mention as the next best. You are individually brave men and men of honour, and, man by man, and as private citizens, merit no such doom as that which even the purblind may feel, if not see, advancing to complete your career. But as an aristocracy, as a class of men owning the soil of Ireland, and gathering the rents of Ireland, strict Justice, weighing your merits in the scales against your demerits, sees the last go down like lead and the former, starting up like a rocket, kick the beam.

"But we love ease and pleasure no more than other men. The rich shopkeeper sails out from Kingstown in his gorgeous yacht, and his sons hunt with the Wards. The brewer and distiller, the successful manufacturer and contractor, the stock-broker, and even the well-to-do tenant—National Leaguer though he be—they all love pleasure as

much as we, and spend their incomes in its pursuit quite as regardless of general consequences."

That is so ; and the forms of luxury they affect, their ostentations and their pleasures, are doubtless less human and refined. As you say, and for all these too there is a rod in pickle, so to speak, and against all these an enemy is perpetually advancing. But the rod has been taken out of pickle for you first—do you perceive?—and the enemy has closed with you, while that other walks still abroad exulting and complacent. You stand first in the paths of avenging justice because you are the owners of the land and the rent-collectors of the land, and because, as such, you are the rulers of this land and people, and you have not ruled. Your duties and responsibilities as an aristocracy were immense, and you whittled them away to next to nothing. Your means of ruling, your land-revenue, was enormous, and you gave half of it to the usurers and the remaining half you have spent with as little regard to the principle of *noblesse oblige* as if you had been retired shopkeepers, instead of a conquering and dominant caste. The shopkeeper having counted pence, fawned and smirked, having lied in the newspapers, and cheated his neighbours for thirty years, may live so ; he may sing, "I am now retired leisure, I may be found in trim gardens," and enjoy the sad end of his ignoble career so. But leisure and trim

gardens were not for you, and could not have been for you who in old times were planted in this land, and planted yourselves as the leaders and rulers of this Irish nation, and on no other terms than those of leadership and rulership could continue here. Wisdom, had you and your forefathers consulted her, would have thus laid down the law of your position in this island: "You will be the masters of this people," so she would have counselled, "or, as sure as I live and you live, you will be their prey. And this law of all aristocracies will press with double severity upon you because you are Protestant and they are not." Labour, care, and suffering, from generation to generation, were the lot appointed you—though with alleviations many, and the natural pleasure attached by nature to all noble lives—loving comradeship amongst yourselves, organisation, discipline, central control; the correction, punishment, and excision of rotten members, love of country, regard for the people and their true interests, the creation and maintenance amongst them of loyal adherents, and for the rest stern mastery and control, pretermittting no industry growing city or town. Had you done so, you would be to-day as irremovable as the mountains, and girt round by the loyalty and devotion of a great and happy nation, leading, I have little doubt, in the van of European and the world's progress.

Crisp

But so far from fulfilling your duties better than other aristocracies, you have fulfilled them worse. You provoked rebellion before one century of acknowledged sway had drawn to a close, and then terrified took to the crutch, leaning upon which you have grown to be the most curious cripple of your kind ever witnessed, and now with a dismal outcry awake the echoes matched in unequal conflict with that before-mentioned sturdy thief, left alone with him in the lane.

All that you and your advocates have urged from the conventional and politico-economic points of view, are in my opinion rational and conclusive, and those of your enemies the reverse. The principles invoked to effect your destruction are principles that lead straight to anarchy and a region of bottomless confusions. Curiously brittle, indeed, are the arguments which yet seem strong enough to do the work of your enemies. They break as we handle them, like ancient paper. Sound and conclusive, rigidly conclusive from common premises, are those employed by you. I know the logic walls surrounding you and your properties very well, and I know that logical men cannot with consistency overpass the same. The Land League editor does not pay judicially determined wages to his compositors, carriers, and office-boys, but wages fixed by competition's brazen law and the market value of labour. Neither is the com-

positor rooted in the office, and strong in his fixity of tenure enabled to snap his fingers in the face of his employer and insult him as he pleases without fear of dismissal. Certainly a hanging gale consisting of six months' arrears of his contracted work wages, regularly paid the whole time, is seldom enough permitted by any employer of labour. Nor again, when the employee by an extra exertion of ingenuity or zeal effects an improvement in his master's business—a thing which workmen are perpetually doing—can he enforce by legal process his claim to be to that extent a partner in the concern. Not at all. His extra exertions enure for the behoof of the employer. How many flourishing firms in Cork, Dublin, and Belfast owe at this moment their prosperity, perhaps existence, to the uncontracted, unpaid for conscientiousness, fidelity, and toil of workmen, alive or dead? Yet the latter and their children have no right to the improvements. Quite the contrary. A week's notice is sufficient to procure their eviction from the premises, which is just as likely to be a sentence of death as any rural eviction. Beat round the question on every side, and you will find that the case against the employer of labour is at all points stronger than that against the landlord. If in bad years there are rural evictions, are there in bad times not more numerous and more heartless dismissals?

If the peasantry have to stint themselves to make up the rent, are not starvation wages more frequent, are not the children of labouring men and women starved to death in our cities? The poorest farmer seldom fails to bring up his. If the farmer and his family have to work hard, what of the men, women, and labouring children of the cities? If those who work for the landlord have to live in cabins, how many that work for employers, our Land League editor included, have to live in slums, and in one room in the slums? No landlord in Ireland ever drove his tenants so hard as do the average employers of labour. No estate in Ireland ever cast off or secreted so much wretchedness as is every week secreted and cast off by the capitalists and employers of any considerable town. Arguments of the kind that are said to make the very asses weep, are all that have been urged against the Irish landlords, and these but the nucleus of a huge cloud of lies and rant, with floods of abuse, personal and general.

Now mark, these arguments, brittle as old rotten paper, were yet sufficient for the purpose of those who used them. The Land League editor, against whom they might be employed with twofold force, sees the Imperial Parliament give to them legislative effect as against you, and not against him, and now amid his triumph is preparing to employ these arguments again, and effect another

and greater confiscation of your property. You perceive now—you must perceive—that by the weapons of reason and logic you will be as surely defeated in the future as you have been in the past. You had the best of the argument but the worst of the dispute. In the future you will, I hope, relinquish argument to fools, and betake yourselves to some other course—action of one sort or another.

Now, let me remind you that in this province, that of action, your behaviour during the past five years has been characterised, to put it mildly, by weakness. Two or three public meetings, a few vapid speeches, two rent-collecting machines, constructed by Dublin attorneys, and a still-born Land Corporation, as curious a freak of folly as was ever seen. Beleaguered landlordism might, I think, procure a more serviceable defence than a strong bodyguard of bullocks.

Indeed, your lordships, you cannot imagine, unless you know, in what terms your behaviour for the last five years is daily described by numbers of your best friends. It is not pleasant to be charged with stupidity, poltroonery, and selfishness, but you may rely upon it from me that such language with epithets has been daily held concerning you by men who would go a long way to serve you, and would see you triumph over your enemies with as much joy as yourselves. Heaven grant that some one whom you cannot ignore will ere long hold

before you a faithful mirror. The image meeting your heavy eyes there will not wear a heroic aspect.

And yet you have done heroic things, too, and not so long since. As the last century drew to a close, all Ireland seemed for a while as if banded against you—Ulster and all—for it may have missed your recollection, this last fact. All Ireland seemed knit against you, and you put down all Ireland. How? By English troops? Not a bit of it. By your own valour, by the friends you had kept or had retained for the crisis, and by your hired soldiers. The first English regiment, the Buckinghamshire, landed on the day the battle of Vinegar Hill was fought. Then, in a panic, and as if terrified by your own prowess, you asked England to have the keeping of you, and she has kept you as they keep Strasbourg geese, which are kept, I am told, till the birds cannot stand without support, and are so sleepy that, according to some, they are not aware when they are killed. Or, if you require a more elegant simile, as Rome kept the Britons, fattening them for the Picts and Scots, that is to say for the Scotch and the Irish, who had had no keeping by foreigners, but who kept themselves. You, after eighty years of Strasbourg treatment, show now considerably more than that leanness and hardness of the Union times—land-values multiplied by three—much better worth the

killing now, and more easy to the killer, hardly awaking at sight of the knife.

“But would you have us resist the law by force and raise rebellion?” No, gentlemen, I merely recalled a historic and not remote event to show that your great-grandfathers, threatened by the like danger, had the sagacity to see their best course, and the courage to follow it, and that county by county they leagued themselves together under central control, a compact, disciplined body of men, obeying orders. Where is your league to-day? Indeed your league would be a small one. Your great-grandfathers had friends, and they put down united rebel Ireland because they had friends. In the district in which I was born the most conspicuous landlord had 200 foot and 30 horse ready to march. I was looking at his name only the other day in the list of the yeomanry. The principal landlord now lives in London, and I rather think not a dozen men could be got to join there a landlord league for even the mildest purposes. It is not so bad that you are few. But you will agree with me that to be few and friendless is very bad. Your great-grandfathers took care to have friends, and let me add that their friends were men and not bullocks.

Eighty-five years have passed since then. That gracious respite was granted you, ample time for preparation to meet the next mutiny or to cut

down and abolish the sources of all mutiny, and make Ireland yours in fact as it was already yours in law. Revolution number two is upon you, and finds you—what the United Irishmen did not find your great-grandfathers—friendless. You have spent the rents of all Ireland without making new friends, while you have lost those you once had. You have spent in rent and taxes, I should say at least some two thousand millions of pounds, and you have spent that vast sum upon anything rather than in the making of friends. You are few and friendless, and, let me add, hated. It is painful for me to write as I do, but I tell you the truth, and rely upon it, a rough fact is a far better travelling companion for you than the smoothest and most agreeable of lies. You are hated to an extent that you can dimly conceive. Some two years since I read before a Nationalist club in Dublin a lecture in defence of Irish landlords, framed upon the lines indicated at page 217, and added various considerations that ought, I fancied, to carry weight with men of the artisan class in Dublin, who, as I endeavoured to show, would be seriously injured by the destruction of the landed interest. Referring to the extreme and unjust language of the agitators, I quoted Mr. Davitt's assertion that the landlords did not deserve in the way of compensation the price of their tickets to Holyhead. A fierce burst of cheering followed in favour

of Mr. Davitt and that gentleman's compensatory scheme. "Yes, the rag-tag and bob-tail of the Dublin slums." No, gentlemen, not at all. Decent, well-clad artisans and clerks were these, and tee-totallers into the bargain. Not tenants looking for low rents, or agricultural labourers wanting land, but neutrals in the land quarrel, and intensely, implacably hostile to you and your cause. .

The fact set me thinking, and forced me to realise, which I did not before, the depth and universality of the hatred which you have succeeded in contracting. This nation is united against you as it was never united against you in the last great convulsion, and in the normal progress of things will wipe you and yours off the face of Ireland as the school-boy sponges figures from his slate. That cheer made me see that by argument and reason your cause was hopeless, and that Ireland had done with you for ever. Few, friendless, hated, and imbecile, is in these current years that so powerful, absolute territorial class in whose hands the Irish nation once lay like soft wax ready to take any impression and conform to any moulding upon which you determined, and out of this soft wax you have moulded—a Frankenstein before which you ^{are}.

Friendless! In the long generations of your ancestors and predecessors there was not one who was without friends, and that was no accident or

good fortune, for they all took exceeding good care that they should have friends, and spent the rents of Ireland with a very strict eye to the creation and preservation of friends. And so the commons of Ireland have no history, or none that is not subordinated to and merged within the history of you. All had friends sufficient for their purposes; until Time has at last revealed you as comical and also as tragical a set of figures as Fate ever presented for the pity and laughter of men.

With whatever difficulties and dangers your ancestors had to cope, and they had to cope with many, the apparition of such a foe as now, metaphorically speaking, kicks you down the hill, never troubled even their dreams. They knew at least how to keep their herdsmen and delvers to their work, paying their just rents in due season. "Barbarians!" I wish you had but a tithe of their barbaric energy and pluck. Of those countless generations of Irish nobles, not one provoked a servile revolt, or one that they could not quell. Combination against rent, indeed! I can imagine with what a face the Desmond would have listened to a report of such a resolution, passed at Thurles or the Abbey of Feal, and the black look of his household troops, *amhus* so called, going down to administer such a harrying to the Land Leaguers as their children's children would remember. For

mind you, the Desmond did live in Crom, Co. Limerick, and he did have his household troops, whose brawny limbs and loyal hearts were fed with Desmond's rents and the warm sunshine of his presence, and, if necessary, he had his war-tenants as well, lightly taxed, holding by military tenure, bound by oath, by custom, by inclination, and by interest, to gather round his standard, once the war-summons was sent round. Do you think it was by playing the fool that for four long centuries he maintained his sovereignty? Do you think if he had spent the rents of Desmond from the Shannon to the Southern Sea on his own vile body and its belongings, or sold the half of them to usurers, and spent the rest in London, he would have held his lands for four hundred years? Very quickly, I think, the M'Carthy in the West, the O'Brien, the Butlers, and the Le Poers, would have carved out and divided his kingdom amongst themselves. For in those old times punishment followed so close upon the heels of folly that the fool was never allowed a fair start. The rod made for such backs as his was too near. A great owner of Desmond confiscated estates lives to-day in England, never saw his tenants, or his lands, and is great, I understand, in *heraldry*. Punishment in these settled centuries has got lame of foot, has fallen some two hundred years behind the caittiff, but, indeed, never lost the scent, as that

heraldic patrician, much to his surprise, doubtless, is learning to-day. Civilisation, centralisation, Imperialism, ignorance, servility, custom, etc., have arisen tall barriers between the bloodhounds of Destiny and their prey. But the scent, always breast-high, never failed, and although that unseen, mysterious pack, with their unseen huntsman, had to wind and wind and at times travel rearward, avoiding the barriers, now, in these current years, how they give tongue—the bell-toned cry, savage and strong, how it strikes even the sensual ear!

And see, if you can at all understand, which I fear you can't, how even the average intellect has been stolen from you, against whom a dark doom has been pronounced, that you might hasten all the quicker to the end. With your household troops and war-tenants you once ruled and regulated and gathered in your rents, spending them again in a manner mainly human and rational. Then with the growth of civilisation, unity, and central authority, you transferred to central power such slender duties of rule and regulation as you deemed it desirable to observe, and to the same quarter the command of the armed men necessary to secure the payment of rent. This done, you then, with a stupidity all but subter-human, transferred into the hands of the rent-paying and subject-classes that same central authority, the legislative and administrative control of things, and at the same time the

power of the sword. Pleasure is pleasant, no doubt, but unpermitted pleasures make men stupid as well as vicious.

Perhaps I was wrong in stating that never before in Ireland was there known a successful servile revolt. One such, on the dim borderlands of history and tradition, has found a place in our chronicles. Whatever history you know, and you know very little, your ignorance of the history of your own country and class is singularly capacious. Indeed, in this respect you yield to no aristocracy that ever lived in the most thorough and self-complacent ignorance. Of the great modern facts of Irish history you know nothing and care less; therefore I may presume ignorance concerning the little and the remote. The following curious entry will be found in the "Annals of the Four Masters." (They were a quartette of learned and industrious monks, who in the Elizabethan days when everybody seemed doing something, and Irish landlords were not above countenancing Irish historians, compiled from old documents the Chronicles of Ireland):

"Anno Christi 10.—First year of the reign of Cairbré Cat-Head, after he had killed the nobles, except a few who escaped from the massacre in which they had been murdered by the servile tribes," viz., Aithech-Tuatha; *Latinè, gentes plebeianorum.*

"Evil was the condition of Eirin during his reign"—why not?—reign of anarchy, crowned and sceptred?—"fruitless the corn, fishless the streams, milkless the cattle, and no fruit upon the trees," for we are still in the bardic mythus-making era, and divine nature withholds her gifts from anarchic kings. It is a doctrine very old. Truer, perhaps, than we think. You will find it in Homer, too, who expounds it through the lips of the many-counselled, much-experienced Ithacan. Judge from the foregoing whether mutiny and servile rebellions were dear to the old chroniclers and bards.

Cairbré Cat-Head, prick-eared, satyr-like mutineer, has had a tolerably long sleep, a sleep of some two thousand years; but he is out once more, alive and strong, with roaring multitudes at his heels. For indeed he is not at all mortal or useless in the economy of things, and, like the devil, is but kept in chains to become in due time the scourge and abolisher of corrupt aristocracies, when patient Justice at length delivers judgment and the clock tolls the hour of execution. He is out once more, bawling upon platforms, glozing in the Senate, boycotting, maligning, and lying, full of greed and envy. He is the Old Anarch met once long since by a certain bad traveller, tourist, pursuer of big game, or what not. His home is in Chaos. He is known by many names in many lands, and everywhere hated even by his multitudes when his work

is done. Wise Homer called him the ugliest man that came up to Troy, and Moses had a tough wrestle with him, triple-headed, in the wilderness of Hormah. But ugly though he be, this never forget, that he is part of the eternal system of things, the scavenger who makes away with things dead and corrupting, the vulture that pounces on the dying.

Of the causes of the rebellion of Cairbré and the rent-paying tribes, there is no record. Of this, however, we may be certain, that in some essential respects the doomed aristocracy had failed to rule wisely and well. Secure in long predominance, they had suffered the rent-payers to develop industries and occupations which they were themselves too lazy to control and regulate or guide, or oppressed them with unfair rents, or, quarrelling amongst themselves, admitted the others to a share of power, or, currying popular favour, permitted them to carry weapons like their lords. Surely enough, the reign of the Cat-Head was preceded by some form of stupidity or class corruption on the part of the nobles. But, after the first surprise, the remnant of the nobles rallied, summoning their friends to their standard, for the much-abused feudal system was then in the land, and there was no Irish landlord who had not at least some friends, friends quite ready to perish in his quarrel if need be. Steadily they subdued the land before them

so the tradition ran. Then followed many wise arrangements and regulations, chief amongst which, it is worth marking, was the stern suppression of absenteeism on the part of heedless and pleasure-loving lords. Everywhere in the midst of the rent-paying tribes the nobles, the lords of the soil, sat down with their war-tenants and armed retainers, and so disposed over the country that there was effective communication between their several strengths. Personal residence, class organisation, a sufficiency of loyal and devoted friends. Such were the barbaric methods adopted in those barbaric days by your class, confronted by contemporary Land Leagues. Fortunately for themselves, there was then no daily Conservative press, perusing whose vituperation of the wickedness of Cairbré they might be comforted, while it was a far and foolish cry to Cassibelaunus, Roman Agricola, or whoever then managed or mis-managed transpontine affairs. Nor will I deny, that you, too, in spite of your long record of folly and worse, had you six years since, when the revolt began, been taken wisely in hand by one who could compel you to obey, would have as effectually suppressed your own mutineers. For mutiny is not dear to the heart of man. But even then, the road was strait, the path rough, steep, laborious, and the enchanted land was nigh, coercion-strewn with soft invitations to ease and sweet slumber.

Well, you have slept, slept to be awakened rather terribly, and, awakening, to find the road six times straiter, and the path six times more rough and laborious. Yet, till the life is out of men's bodies, there is hope, and I will not say that it is even now too late to recall the lost years. Had I thought so, I would not have written this book.

But before I treat of what is yet possible, provided you screw your courage to the head, shunning no peril and shirking no duty, however rough, let me remind you of what, as a class, you have lost, what splendid opportunities thrown away, what a glorious heritage wasted, seeking that sort of pleasure which, like the prophet's scroll, is so sweet in the mouth and so bitter when eaten. The average ground rental of all Ireland, cities, towns, town parks included, can hardly have been less during the century than twenty millions a year. Why, the revenue of Imperial Rome, you will find if you look into your Mommsen, was not so great. And out of her revenue, world-conquering Rome had to pay her soldiers and sailors, her civil service, and judiciary. All these expenses your feudal ancestors, the Geraldines, De Courcies, and MacWilliams, defrayed out of their rents. But you, having trundled one crown into the roaring mob outside Whitehall, and kicked another into the Boyne, having struck away the strong royal

hand that in old times restrained you, put all these charges upon the people at large as indirect taxation, retaining the rents as private and personal income. Now consider for a moment what you might have effected with that income had you been a real aristocracy, true shepherds of the peoples—the phrase is wise old Homer's—looking to the welfare of your flocks, and not only to the wool and the mutton. That revenue would have maintained an army of at least 300,000 men, making ample allowance for superior provision and reasonable luxuries and amusements for yourselves as the officers and captains of the same—say a quarter of a million of men, devoted to you as were the old personal retainers of the mediæval aristocracy, and free to be directed upon all noble and salutary tasks which the times might call upon you to attempt. So ruling, you might have brought under cultivation every rood of cultivatable land in the island, interlaced it with railways running free to all, completed your harbours, planted all plantable moors and hill-sides, established a national emigration service with Irish colonies governed like the old land at home, written the history of your island—a history, let me add, intensely loyal to you and your order, redolent as is its every page of aristocracy, chieftaincy, tanistry, kingship, of rule and of obedience. To those and such ends governing you would have

stood to-day girt with a loyal and devoted nation, leading, as I have said, in the van of European and the world's progress, leading whither I know not—for who can even guess?—knowing only that it would be onward and upward. Such opportunities the reward of abundant heroism on your part in old times, the reward of wakeful nights and laborious days, of wise counsel and valiant action, of blood shed like water, and life, ease, pleasure, valued at a pin's point when Duty called and propitious Chance led the way, of these and such like those opportunities the reward. You had them and you lost them. Benign Fortune and your own merit put into your hands the absolute rule and mastery of this island. Benign Fortune, Destiny, Providence, or whatever you choose to call it, then inaudibly whispered, so: "You have not ended your work. Indeed, you have only got your tools and a fair field to work in. For you now the real struggle begins. You stood pain, toil, and the shock of war, and triumphed. See how you will stand pleasure, her soft but deadly arrows flying night and day perpetually. You smote the Papist Apollyon, bat-winged monster of the deep, and trembled not for the roaring of many lions; see you sleep not on the Enchanted Ground. Battles you have won, cities sacked, storms overridden, but lo—the Sirens." Well, this Irish aristocracy of yours, like so many others great and brave, did cast anchor off that

pleasant isle, listened, well pleased, to the sweet song. In due time your bones will whiten with the rest round the feet of the enchantresses. Three aristocracies I find have come and gone in Ireland, three distinct, yet closely knit, the second heir of the first and the third of the second, like father, son, and grandson. This way all three have fared over these stormy Irish waters. The first, the Celtic, struck upon the rock of anarchy, and went down. The second, Hiberno-Norman, loving darkness too well and light and freedom too little, sailed away for Cimmeria and extinction by the way, brave Sarsfield last seen at the helm. The third, Anglo-Irish, putting into the isle of the Sirens; all too plainly in these days have determined to leave their bones on the strand, a historic monument to the power of those immortal maidens.

Those who climb or are wafted to high places had need take heed to their footsteps; the law of gravitation, so friendly to the plain men, being so very dangerous for all climbers. Not less virtue is required by the high than by the low, or as much, or a little more, but a great deal more. I say that even still you are the best class in the country, and for the last two centuries have been; but see, the event proves that you were not good enough, had not virtue enough. Therefore you perish out of the land, while innumerable eyes are dry. For all your follies and sins you

have crowned with an insolence incredible to coming generations. At Ireland and all things Irish you girded till, like the doomed suitors, you are forced to laugh with foreign jaws as this beggar nation, ragged and mendicant, whose substance you devoured and whose house dishonoured, springs like the revealed demi-god of yore upon the threshold and twangs the new-strung bow. It sings sweetly, does it not? Like the swallow. And yet in this Irish history, whose monuments have rotted under your care or accumulated like a mountain of waste paper, lay for you the key of safety had you but known it, and secrets more precious than equipped armies, or favouring laws, or any Imperial countenance. It is not the friend of this waste, howling democracy, strong only because you are so very weak and poor. This land-leaguering democracy has, then, no representative, not even a Tyler or Cade, anywhen back to the dim days of the Cat-Head, let them rave as they please of Silken Thomas or Red Hugh, or any worthy they please to choose and dub him theirs. Red Hugh, I think, would have offered but a short shrift to a committee of modern patriots going down to organise his tenantry on National League principles—that same lame, tameless fighter and harrier of the North-West. What nation, I ask, with the spirit of a rabbit would bear for ever such an aristocracy as yours, devouring its substance and sneering into the bargain?

And now at the first brunt of the fight it is discovered that even the strength of that little rodent is not yours. You bleat and maa like a beaten sheep crying to your shepherd for help, and the shepherd becoming so unconscionably hard of hearing on that side of his head. Your career is like some uncouth epic begun by a true poet, continued by a newspaper man, and ended by a buffoon; heroic verse, followed by prose, and closed in a disgusting farce. Then *plaudite*, and *exeunt omnes*. The curtain falls on two centuries of Irish history, and such centuries. The paraphernalia are removed. A new act begins with new actors.

I believe there is no example in history of a lethargic, effete aristocracy such as yours getting reformed from within, and yet as against such a reform I can perceive no very serious obstacle, save the extreme shortness of the time still left you and the strength of the evil habits which you must abandon. He who leaves the right road has little difficulty in returning if he soon discovers his error. A few steps to the right hand or the left, and he is once more upon the way. But you now for some two hundred years have been travelling all awry, travelling like that pilgrim who at the end of his journey on smooth and level ground found himself at length right beneath an impending mountain, from which thunder rolled and fire

flashed. You, too, trusted the smooth glozing words of Mr. Carnal Wise-man, declaring that in the town of Morality lived one Mr. Legality, who had much skill in easing men of those burthens to which all flesh is heir. Well, you have long since taken up your abode with that same smooth-spoken gentleman, and know now that Mr. Legality is a quack in spite of his clean brass door-plate and suave demeanour, and the *Mountain*, as once against that noblesse whose skins were tanned at Meudon, comes closer and closer. Do you know anything of Thomas Carlyle, "The writing fellow? Was there not something in the newspapers about his wife?" Christ save us all! You read nothing, know nothing. This great modern democratic world rolls on with its thunderings, lightnings, and voices, enough to make the bones of your heroic fathers turn in their graves, and you know nothing about it, care nothing about it. You sit in the easy-chair of Mr. Legality, with your title-deeds on the table, and comfort your souls with the very unfavourable opinion that that cock-sure gentleman has formed of the *Mountain*. Yet one stood by you not so long since, grim of aspect and strange of speech, though indeed he spake plain English too, and said this: "Put not your trust in parchments. Though you have parchments enough to thatch the world, these combustible, fallible sheepskins will not save you." And even

if you should now, winged with terror and pricked by sharp conscience, hasten back to the right road—narrow and rough, but the right road for all that—what a way you have to travel, skirting the edge, nay, rather through the bowels of that flaming Mountain!

Of you as a class, as a body of men, I can entertain not the least hope; who, indeed, can? If the times with their words of thunder do not alarm you, do not send you flying like one assailed by murderers from that same snug solicitor's office, parchment-strewn, I know that my words will not, that the words of no man will. These words of mine you will not read, or reading, will not understand. Your enemies will read them, and in the main understand; but you will do neither. For even those of you who have had the grace to remain in the land have grown as earthy and dull as the earth itself. A respectable Dublin publisher informed me recently that he seldom or never received an order from a country gentleman for a new book. "Such new books as I sell are bought," he added, "by Dublin professional men." You have hunted the fox till, like that old red hunter, you have come to despise your birthright, and all that treats of it, and cultivated crops, till the very clay of the earth is more intelligent than yours. Your serious talk is of bullocks, and, in short, "*Quos Deus vult perdere prius dementat.*"

Your ancestors, who raised the noble classic buildings of Dublin, loved a Latin quotation. The less ignoble Siren of classicism and culture they were not beyond admiring. Of you now I doubt if one in twenty could translate that hackneyed newspaper phrase. For so, by easy stages, aristocracies run or slide downhill. The heroic ardour goes first, culture and intellectual refinement come and depart. Loyalty to even your own class in due time disappears, and personal worth, the simple cardinal virtues of the private citizen, last of all. These, indeed, still remain with you, and while they last Pandora's box is not empty.

Of you, as a collective body of men, even those of you who have still the grace to remain with us and stick to the sinking ship, I entertain not the least hope. It is for individuals here and there I write this book, knowing that even a very few, such as one might count on the fingers of one hand, if of the right mettle and the right calibre, may be able even now to awake you from your slumbers, and breathe, which I and men like me cannot, some breath of life into your nostrils. Here and there, such men, I believe, are in Ireland, men who look with shame and dismay upon your astonishing stupidity, men of finer mould, more subtle intelligence, of more patriotic spirit and class spirit, of a conscience not seared, of a soul not altogether dead in your trespasses and sins.

To you, here and there over Ireland, or outside Ireland, and though but one, or two, or three, I would now address myself, and especially to the young, whose hearts are not yet hardened by contact with the rest or worn out by that grinding attrition.

CHAPTER II.

TO AN INDIVIDUAL.

I WOULD in the first place point out one false, inviting road that lies before you, smooth, in a sense, and loud with multitudinous voices of the most sweet sort, a road with many attractions for the young, generous, and imaginative. Quite recently I have seen a youth, I should say of high promise, set upon that bad way his young and confident feet, and heard the loud acclaim of the most sweet voices and the flattery of grandiose, applausive editorials. For the young are peculiarly susceptible to flattery and the applause of their fellow-countrymen, especially when their immature and generous instincts proclaim almost as loudly from within as the most sweet from without that this is the road travelled by the old dead patriots and the orators of yore. *Egalité* and the best of a historic *noblesse* just as cheerfully set foot there, but it hindered not the coming of Fouquier Tinville, and the sea of

troubles, and the present vile plutocratic Republic rots and will rot, slowly, heroic France. If you are quite satisfied to lose all that you have inherited, to be stripped naked, and in the slime to wrestle with dragons and gorillas hereafter for some morsel of official income which you will *not* get, then travel that way. If you are satisfied to see all the worth, virtue, personal refinement, truth, and honour which you know to be inherent in your own order wiped, as with a sponge, out of Ireland—may be with a bloody sponge—then travel that way. If you wish to see anarchy and civil war, brutal despotisms alternating with bloody lawlessness, or on the other side, a shabby, sordid Irish Republic, ruled by knavish, corrupt politicians and the ignoble rich, you will travel the way of *Egalité*. And this way, too, you may be sure to be wrong, on account of the sweet voices and the flattering editorials. By the rarest of rare accidents are they ever right; and when they chance to be right you will find on examination that it has been by a fluke, just as a madman or a fool may once in a way give sound advice, but take him after that as a travelling companion to advise you further, and where will you be? And it is a thousand to one that he is not right at all. Would you take the advice of a mob, or of the editorial constructed as an echo of the mob's voice and strictly with no other purpose, concerning any earthly thing in

which you are keenly interested outside the mad world of politics? And be sure that politics which, after all, is the science of Justice as applied to the affairs of men and nations, is a region where, more than anywhere else, a man must think for himself, examine, and reflect most carefully, intensely, and conscientiously. And, once more, the right road never could be, and surely in these times can by no possibility be, anything but most rough, toilsome, and laborious. The right way is the rough way: of that you may be very certain.

The young and generous, and often enough even when owners of "large possessions," regard with favouring eye the ways of Radicalism and Revolution. They promise so well, they seem to the inexperienced mind to lead to such paradises, they seem, too, so skilfully and wisely engineered. And very clever engineers, I know,—the best now going—in language most plausible and alluring, have passed in their reports, declaring that they have well surveyed the ground and planned the ways, and have even, as with the bodily eye, caught sight of the Elysian lands and of men walking there, with crowns on their heads. Alas! I believe the very best of our young men are those who give heed to the words of those double-damned impostors and self-deluders. Land nationalisation, Socialism, one for all, all for one, etc. Dear friend, trust them not. I cannot now explain at large how it happens that

those paths lead down to reigns of terror, fratricide, destruction, national death, abolition of all good things; but trust me that they do. I know well that they do, and some day may explain how and why. Just now I ask you to take my report on trust.

I return to the immediate practical questions affecting you personally here and now in your native land. Consider, then, your situation as an Irish landlord, one of a class that has drifted far out of its course, drifted to the edge of this sucking, whirling maelstrom of agrarian and national revolution. You are friendless with the rest in this country, surrounded by a teeming and hostile population, and by a population that has every right to be hostile. They are hostile by a law of Nature. They are hostile because your class has consumed, in personal gratification, the rents of the country—rents designed by Nature for very different purposes; because, in such a course, they have lost the control of the rent-payers and the rest, breeding mutineers, anarchists, and rebels. They are hostile to you because you and your class would not become frankly and loyally Irish on these your Irish estates, and in the midst of an Irish people. Then, too, and as a result of all this, there is the envy, malice, and uncharitableness with which fallen human nature contemplates those who are high and lifted up, and who seem happy and rich. And there is, moreover, the religious question—you Protestant,

they not—though this, in these times, believe me, is the smallest and least important of all, and year by year grows smaller. Indeed, this fierce agrarian agitation, by concentrating men's minds upon the good things of this world, has lessened to a crack or fissure the once yawning gulf that roared between the sects. A little care on your part and that crack will be a seam, and where the gulf yawned, firm ground will support your feet. Not superstition or fanaticism is the peril of the future, but Materialism—a brutal apathy towards all things divine and holy. Religious hate, these times and in Ireland, is a sleeping tigress, sleeping towards her last sleep. Beware how you awake her! Let her die!

Now the problem set before you to solve, does not seem, on paper at least, a difficult one, though its successful solution in fact, is, I admit, a work of heroic magnitude. You are friendless. That is the grand central fact in your position, seen from the outside and from a quasi-political point of view, and you are, moreover, hated, envied, and despised. The outcome, all this, the result of vices and follies innumerable on the part of your order. Plainly, then, you must multiply the number of your friends and diminish the number of your enemies, and this end you must compass by wise and brave conduct, by the straight road, not by crooked ways and cuts short but not sweet. Thus landlords of the silly and ignoble type, popularity-

hunters, as they are called, endeavour to secure friends by a variety of vile devices. Such would placate the National League by rent reductions and rent remissions—concessions contrary to justice, and which they know to be so. Like the cowardly pre-Norman Saxons, they would pay Danegelt to their enemies. In some instances they even join the National League and contribute to its funds, an act of baseness incredible but that we know it to be done. Or they flatter popular and influential priests, or local popular leaders, or give large and lavish employment to men who are National Leaguers to the tips of their fingers, and whom they take no pains and incur no contumely and misrepresentation in the endeavour to make less so. Plainly, such landlords are traitors to their class, foolish and cowardly in an eminent degree. Instead of multiplying their friends, they diminish them. Instead of diminishing the number of their foes, they increase them. To the hatred with which they have been before regarded and the hunger with which their fatness has been contemplated, they superadd contempt. Such short cuts to the end aimed at are not permissible, and lead straight to destruction.

You who are bent on surrounding yourself, to begin with, by friends, will do so by the efficient discharge of your duty, be that course ever so hard—and hard indeed it has become in these

days. You will, therefore, sit down upon your estate and work no longer from a distance and by deputy, but in person and on the spot. Do you think that if you live in London, and we in Ireland only hear of you through the Society papers, you will make friends? Without personal contact that is impossible. You will sit down, I say, here at home in the land where your fathers' dust mingles with its mother-earth, where your fathers' blood was shed and their great deeds were done; and in many respects too, I think, you will find that their example is the one which you must pursue.

Those landlords of old times spent their rents in the maintenance of friends spear-armed, or with crossbow, matchlock, or musket. Be the weapons of your friends what they may—of this hereafter—you will do the same. The average modern landlord, when his rents are not spent abroad or in personal sensuality, or as usury to the usurer, is proud of his house, grounds, gardens, horses and equipage, balance at the banker's, or what not. The old were proud of their men, their beauty, valour, loyalty, and their equipments. Crichton and Archdale riding into Enniskillen with their armed tenantry; Thomond descending out of Clare across the Shannon; Silken Thomas and the rest, they were prouder of their men than of aught else. They spared and they saved that they might have loyal men and

true around them. Some families built no castles, as well perhaps for other reasons as for this, that the money and labour spent on building might be better spent on men—

A castle of bones

Before a castle of stones—

and doubtless pointed the moral with reference to the assassination of the great Hugo de Lacy, slain while contemplating with pride the erection of his fine castle at Durmagh.

You too, then, will make small account of all dead and material things, offering no more incense than is necessary even to the dread god Apis, and spend your all upon men, and you will not surround yourself with easeful and luxurious appliances, or incur the least breath of censure that way, remembering that these, so to speak, are war times, needing on your part war manners. Gordon starved with his men at Khartoum—"his beautiful black troops." Skobeloff ate soldiers' black bread conquering Khokând. All great captains and all soldiers' heroes do the same in hard times, and unless at a pinch they can do it, never attach the worshipping loyalty of their men. Stonewall Jackson was the best beloved of the American generals of the great Civil War. On one occasion he sent some regiments on what seemed to them some fools' errand, and without tents. They camped in their

cloaks, and the snow fell and covered them while they slept. Cold and miserable some troopers awoke in the gray morning, with imprecations on their general who, somewhere snugly housed himself, had made his soldiers pass such a night in the open and tentless. Just then a gaunt figure emerged from the white ground, shook the snow from his cloak, and cheerily exclaimed: "A fresh, bright morning, lads!" It was the general himself, who with his staff had ridden up during the night and lay down to sleep with his men under the falling snow. What hundreds, what thousands, of Irish gentlemen did the same, and worse, in the old brave days, never, too, thinking themselves heroes or anything in particular, taking it all as in the day's work. These old mouldering manuscripts and mountains of paper-rubbish unedited, unexplored, are full of their bravery, sufferings, and labours. And their people loved them—ay, that they did—and the spear sprang from the peg and the musket from the rack when the war-summons of those landlords went round. For I tell you again and again that all Irish history is on your side, every page redolent of captaincy and soldier-ship, of strong rule, and of allegiance and loyalty to the death.

With your rents, like your fathers, you will maintain men, and to that end will surrender personal luxuries such as might stir even the least

breath of censure. But, unlike your fathers, your men, when you get them, you will not arm with Winchesters or any weapons of war. For consider, the time for all that, even if at any time in this modern epoch it were desirable, has gone by. Do you think the Power into which the legislative and administrative authority of Ireland has now virtually passed, would tolerate under its very nose the growth of incipient armies, commanded by men essentially hostile to themselves. Before you had properly begun your work you would be snuffed out and abolished, so far have Irish landlords now carried it in their fools' game, so low down has their cause fallen. For this fact you must take along with you as cardinal, that in a short time the Imperial Parliament will prove friendly not to your order but to the power known as the National League, and that the might of England and the edge of the Imperial sword will be at its beck and call. And here you can perceive the incredible folly of those Ulster men who meditate, if they do, an appeal to the armed Protestant Democracy of the North. Religious war, the most awful curse that ever fell upon any land, passions that will not spare the pregnant woman or the speechless infant, a very opening of the gates of hell, follow in the wake of such war. But the wickedness of those men is only equalled by their folly. The might of the empire they have suffered to pass into the

hands of their enemies, and the armies of England would pour westward to stamp out with bullet and cord all insurrectionary attempts. Keep well clear of gunpowder, my friend, in these ticklish times, and wear a very deaf ear to Northern swaggerers, the blatant, untimely Protestantism of that fire-breathing Northern chimæra. Arm your men, not with Winchesters, nor breathe into them the slightest hint of war at your peril, for a very vigilant foe is this with whom you have to deal, seeing through more eyes than Argus, and gathering to himself all power in this island for a season.

But your friends, when you have them, must not be idle. Idleness, bad for you, is worse for them. They must pay for their keep in honest labour, honest labour directed upon good, salutary, and even remunerative things. For apart from all else, they so working will increase your revenue and enable you to employ more, and increase the number of your adherents. Let us suppose, what I hope is true, that you are a scion of an old and distinguished family, for birth tells even now, and have got, as clear income, some ten thousand a year. At the rate of thirty pounds a year per man, which is far more than the farmers pay their labourers, you could keep a little industrial army of 333 men, or say 300. With the economies possible when providing for such a number, you could make their wages go much farther than the

same wages as normally expended, and be enabled to enliven their existence and make life brighter and happier, so all the more attaching to you and your service the fidelity and affection of your men. But the labour of that little army, wisely directed and on wise purposes, ought year by year to bring in at least their wages. The expense of their keep you should be able to realise, and a good deal besides. All wise employers of labour make at least as much as will meet their labour bill, and consider it a disastrous year if they do not. But granted that you make at least the labour bill, the result is that if you spend it not in personal luxury or ostentation, you have in the ensuing year your original income of ten thousand, and ten thousand besides, the value of your men's labour. You have then twenty thousand for the next year, which you can expend either in doubling your little army of labourers, or in land and plant for an expansion of action, or in rendering still more attractive, still brighter and happier, the lot of your men. I do not affect mathematical accuracy in these calculations, but you will perceive that moving on these general lines the argument is sound.

Look now at the situation from the following point of view. The common commercial employer of labour pays, say thirty pounds a year to his men. Only over the men in his immediate employment does he possess any influence or control. The wages

which they receive they pay out again in a variety of ways to persons quite outside the influence of their own employer. They buy their liquor from one, boots from another, clothes from a third, groceries from another, hats from a fifth, etc., etc. Now, since it is your aim to gather as many as possible under your influence, you will perceive that there is outside the region of your direct employment a considerable zone of society which you should be able to, as it were, annex. You can have your own canteen, tobacco store, shoemakers, tailors, food distributors, etc., may even find it advisable to start a cloth factory, or essay other manufacturing industries. Of course, here you will be guided by circumstances, and the advice of competent persons, whom, wisely selected, I hope you will succeed in very early collecting round you. What I wish to emphasise is the fact that your industrial regiment of three hundred men need not even in the first year be limited to that strength.

Now, the commercial employer, in all normally-conditioned countries, and even to-day to a certain extent in Ireland, does wield a certain influence over his men. The task that now lies before you is to make that influence strong, as strong as and stronger than the feudal feeling between chief and clansman, stronger than the devotion of soldiers to a brave and popular general. The commercial em-

ployer cares nothing for his people. What he cares for is their labour, or rather the marketable value of the results of their labour. The drunkenness of a skilled hand, who four days out of the six can turn out saleable work, is nothing to him. The dirty habits of another, the slouch and hangdog look of a third, the cruelty and selfishness of the home-life of a fourth, are nothing to him. He does not value men as men, but as machinery for the turning out of saleable commodities. Consequently, between him and his labourers the growth of the feudal feeling, one of the most natural and instinctive in the heart of man, is killed at the root—dies in the very germ. If he cares not for his men they care not for him; and when the heart is empty of love it will soon be tenanted by anger, envy, mutiny, and suspicion. Such is a primitive law of human nature. The house empty, swept, and garnished, unsanctified by the presence of good spirits, is certain ere long to become a nest of devils. You can see the truth of this law by personal observation on a small scale, and upon a large scale in the truceless war now universally waged between capital and labour, the universal growth of a revolutionary spirit amongst the proletariat, true offspring it of capitalistic cynicism and greed. You will therefore forget and ignore the practices of the world in this respect, and consult instead your own heart and conscience, the feelings

of the one and the edicts of the other. You will care for your men as men, and not as machinery. Therefore, that authority which has been given you, by the fact of employment and wage-distribution you will exert for the good of your men, their bodies, and their minds, always doing that which, as a man yourself, you know to be just and not what the world, i.e., the commercial employer, calls just. Thus, gently but firmly you will inure your men to habits of cleanliness, frightfully wanted in this country, to smartness and tidiness in dress, perhaps, too, as you see they can stand it and see in it nothing of the servant, to something indicative of uniform. You will have your hospital or your medical man for the sick, and pensions for those maimed in your service, and, if you can hold your ground so long, for your veterans. You will encourage, and if necessary enforce, sobriety, even upon non-working days. You will see that your men are decently housed, and that they do not wrong their families if they have any. You will need, too, the assistance of ladies, good women, women of tact and delicacy, to supervise that spindle side of your industrial services. Many a good man is spoiled by a slatternly, drinking, scolding, and undomestic wife. I should say, too, that wages ought to be in proportion to men's needs. This, of course, is a frightful heresy according to newspapers and political economists,

but if you consult yourself, and the primitive undebauched instincts of the heart, you will find it just. The natural law of wages is, I think, very different from the so-called economic. Above all you must inure your men to strict discipline and obedience, submission the promptest to all orders from yourself or those whom you put in authority, stern dismissal for the intractable and indocile. You will not find it so hard to enforce discipline, setting about it in the right way. When men feel that they are treated with justice and kindness, when they know that they are managed towards some good end, not towards the accumulation of pelf, they will submit, and that with alacrity, to the most rigorous discipline. Moreover, I presume that your gangers, bosses, or whatever your officers may be called, will, like yourself, inspire a personal affection, a personal respect and fear. Till you have effected this you have effected nothing. The power of dismissal being your only Mutiny Bill, you will have to work by methods nobler, if for some natures less effective than those of the brutal drill-sergeant, i.e., by methods worthy of free men. Yet, without the lash, the treadmill, solitary confinement, or the death-sentence, you will find that you can, if made of the right stuff, apply and maintain discipline more rigorous and more gladly endured than that kept up by physical force. I can imagine your men dreading a word from you,

or a look more than a cut from a whip. These things, thank God! are in human nature, though deep down there all unsuspected, and it is your task to bring them out. You can only evolve feelings of the kind on the old conditions—conditions well understood by all the great captains and natural leaders of men; well understood, too, by all that old fighting chieftainry of Ireland, and, if holy Ireland is not to go back to bogdom and wolfdom, must be understood again. Your men will love you and fear you if you have sufficient mettle of the right sort, and are leading them by just methods towards high and generous ends. Once provoke that personal affection and that personal fear, two primitive passions of human nature, passions which man exults in being conscious of, and of feeling stir within him, and you will do what you please with those men. You will play upon them as a master artist on his violin. Do you remember the Tenth Legion weeping? Why? A word, no more; their general called them *Quirites*. It makes no difference that heretofore almost exclusively those strange passions have been evoked only by military chiefs and for purposes of war. The digger and ditcher, hewer and stitcher, are as human as the soldier, and only to boys, novel-readers, and sham statesmen is the rifle a whit more heroic than the spade. The purpose is the grand thing, and when the spade shines for a

noble end it out-glitters the flashing of any sword, and spade-men will obey you and fear you, conquering back this island as no sword-men ever feared and obeyed any Geraldine or O'Neill in the old fighting times.

And, with regard to this matter of discipline, concerted action—men massed, instructed, prompt to obey orders, you will find on reflection that there is nothing more than this in which human nature delights. From the little boys who drive each other in harness along the footpaths, and the children's procession in the Kindergarten, to Volunteer movements and the military evolutions on the Curragh and in Phoenix Park, you will find deeply implanted in human nature this love of orderly, harmonious movement, unity in multiplicity, general harmonious submission to central guiding will. It is part of our common sensibility to music, one of the forms in which a deep radical principle of human nature becomes expressed. Thus, appropriately, music accompanies concerted action. Such is the refrain of sailors heaving the anchor, the solemn music of religious processions, the martial music of soldiers. Devils with devils damned, according to the wise Milton march to music :

Anon they move
In perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood
Of flutes and soft recorders.

And you, too, will most wisely bring the power of this elemental demon to bear on your task of harmonising the discordant, peevish, and mutinous, stimulating the lazy, smoothing rough natures, and refining coarse. Why should men march upon deadly work, regimented, and to the sound of pipes and cymbals, and shamble along silent and separate to work that is vital? National Leaguers, mutineers and anarchists though they be, taught by nature and instinct, are more wise. They have their bands and banners. As you feel your way forward, you will not neglect this.

Above all you will attend well to the education of the children, and think no pains too much for that branch of the work. The best and wisest of men and women procurable you will procure for that. The *Kindergarten* system seems now the most promising, what the old wise Greeks called "music," the harmonising and refining of the young soul through the arts, with processioning, marching, dancing, melody, singing, pleasant games invented each with a purpose. Stick to the young, my friend, and never forget them. And let me remind you too of an old Irish custom which I look to you to revive. It was the custom of the Irish gentry, in the solid and serious old days, to entrust the education of their growing boys, not to vile pedagogues or even, very considerably, to priests, but to chiefs and barons conspicuous for their wise

management of men and just and prudent rulership of their territories. Of the youths so educated, some returned to rule over their own estates, some took service under their foster-fathers. Your ancestors got the best education going in those times. I wish I could say the same of you. And apart from all else the foster tie, so sweet, refined, and heroic, like threads of divine light, ran like a network of interlacing crossing beams, Celtic pattern, through the anarchies and darkness of the age. How often, how suddenly, the student's eye catches that strange light!

Your little realm, too, will be a school, not of the pedagogic sort, far from it. To you the best fathers will send their sons, and to them, if worthy, you will open careers so sadly wanted in these times by the young.

Returning again to the immediate and present, you will perceive with me that under the Land Act your tenantry are gone, the connecting links between you and them are cut for ever. They are free of you, intend to be more free, and all the contemporary political forces are driving them farther and farther from your side. It is waste of time, trouble, and money, endeavouring to call them to their allegiance. Let them slide, and follow their leaders till they chop off their heads or otherwise sever that very unenduring connection. You, through the sins and follies of your order, have lost

your tenantry, squandered away their loyalty—a treasure which, even in strict arithmetical calculation were worth all the output of Californian mines. You stand naked and alone. You must begin again at the beginning, as the Norman began before you; and by pure wisdom and bravery build up, as did the Butler and the MacWilliam, and by similar methods a loyal following of your own. Do you think the Butler found the kingdom of the Ossorians drop into his mouth like a ripe pear. Never dream it. Love, labour, sorrow and fighting, fosterages far-ramifying, reflection, consultations many with the wise, close intense study of the characters of men, recruitments and dismissals innumerable, were needed before he could write the proud title, *Capitanus suæ nationis*, have a nation of which to be captain, and a territory on which to sustain his nation. Fierce storms, you may be sure of it, shook the Butler tree ere it shot strong roots downward and lifted branches to dally with the sun and the wind. The tenant is gone, gone down the wind. That tasselled gentle you will not whistle home again, whistle you never so wisely. But what of that? While you have a heart and a head and £10,000 a year, you can gather around you 300 loyal men, 300 to begin with. Raymond the Fat began with less. Such will be the beginning of your kingdom, and of this nation no man can prevent you being the captain.

Consider further how by such tactics you inevitably, and from the start, strengthen your position and prolong your power even as a landlord, a rent receiver. Apart from all else see how, by such tactics, you drive a wedge through the now solid organisation of the League upon your estates, dividing effectually the labour interest there from the farming interest. The former you attach to yourself, the latter you weaken and disorganise so far as human ingenuity can and the means and ways at your disposal will permit. The foolish landlord, who lives in London or elsewhere, and spends his rents away from his estate, has plainly no hold upon any body or interest of men there. The less foolish, who resides at home, but spends there only a small proportion of his land revenue, has seldom such a control over men as would enable him to overshadow or overpower the organisation of the League. You, I expect, will spend all, or nearly all, your land revenue in the direct employment of labour. Now, as the direct employer of some three or four hundred men, you will perceive that to such an extent you have a power as interested as yourself, as interested proportionately as any Irish landlord, in the honest payment by your tenantry of their rents. If the latter strike, they strike at the subsistence not of one man but of three hundred; and the former, I think, would be scarce human if they would not be as eager as yourself to

know the reason why. Indeed, during the Land-League agitation, two or three local landlords, who had by no means put their hands to the plough in the thorough style that I expect from you, but who merely gave considerable employment, were able to coerce a refractory tenantry. The moral pressure exercised by their labourers was sufficient. "Employment," said the landlord, "must cease on this estate unless the rents, which feed the employment, are forthcoming." Employ all your rent-revenue so, give no handle to your enemies by the maintenance of any sort of expensive state, or by indulgence in expensive personal luxuries and amusements, and do you think your men will permit themselves to be cast upon the world because the farmers won't discharge their just obligations. You are not now one man, you are three hundred strong, and the moral pressure exerted by your industrial force will be quite sufficient to check any exorbitant or unjust demand on the part of the farmers.

Once more, when the average Irish landlord gives reductions, the money so lost is lost irrecoverably. It is worse than lost, for the tenantry who, in the old days, might have been grateful for the kindness shown, will now almost universally construe the reduction as a mark of weakness or funk, and be all the readier to demand larger reductions hereafter. You, with your works open

and your service open, can offer to your tenants the alternative of working off personally, or through their sons and others, the value of their rent reductions, by labour in your service, labour so distributed in time as not to interfere with their own necessary agricultural operations. You will not then have lost your rent, but will have changed its form from that of money into solid labour results of some kind—your property. The proposal would be so fair and equitable that, though the farmers might grumble, they would certainly not meet with any sympathy from the people in general. After a little experience of this kind you may feel assured that they will claim no rent reductions save such as their circumstances imperatively require. Moreover just now, in the work of detaching labour from the now solid League, a very good opportunity lies before you. The labourers all over Ireland are anything but passionately devoted to the National League. They are envious, angry, disappointed, and complain with reason that the labour interest generally has been used as a cat's-paw to pull chestnuts out of the fire for the farmers.

The men with whom you will have at first to deal as an employer of labour, will be no doubt in the beginning mutinous and disorderly enough, scamping their work, cheeking those set over them, breaking rules, disobeying orders, threatening or accomplishing general strikes. Apart from many

other causes of demoralisation, the chief of which, always remember, has been that long-standing and inveterate evasion of duty on the part of your own order, the current revolutionary movement has diffused through all ranks a mutinous, insubordinate, and greedy spirit. Even if you pay your men five shillings a day they will growl at you because you do not pay seven-and-six. Many a bad quarter of an hour you will have with them indeed, and be often inclined to curse the day you were born, the time when I or your own conscience set you on that thankless business of the management of men. For this is no child's play or pretty pastoral idyll in which I invite you to figure, but hard and ugly work, work fit to break hearts not made of the right heroic stuff. Hard, ugly work indeed, in which, for aught I know, you risk even your life, for if on the one side you are kind, considerate, and forgiving, on the other you must be stern and relentless. Only so can men be managed. For the best of us mildness alone won't do, and for the average man must be plentifully supplemented with severity. Clamours, *émeutes*, threats, strikes, outrages, you will have to face, not shrinking, and move on to your purpose without hesitation or swerving, that purpose being first and before all the establishment of discipline, the creation of a body of men who will obey orders with military promptness and alacrity, who will love you indeed,

but who will also fear. If you would be loved, you will love your men, but if you will be feared you will *not* fear them. You will dismiss right and left on fit cause shown, and weed out the refractory with relentlessness. You will give your orders and make it perfectly evident that if you have to disband and dismiss all and stand alone in the midst of angry multitudes, those orders must be obeyed. The power to dismiss is your sole Mutiny Bill: you will of course be chary of its exercise, but will exercise it relentlessly on due cause shown, and begin again even if you have to import the new hands and they police-protected. If you are doing the right thing, the just thing, you will find opinion closing round you and supporting you. Of this people it was once said, "There is not on the face of the earth a nation that better loves and respects equal and impartial justice," and there is a good deal of that sentiment here still. Indeed, I need hardly suggest the many and innumerable vital and strengthening influences which, for you bravely pursuing this right path, will attend you as you go. The tree planted well in fit soil, how many gracious, mysterious influences from above, from beneath, from around, curiously conjoin, convene harmoniously and fructify in it. The blowing breeze, falling rain, sunshine and shade, and curious and inscrutable properties of earth, air, and water, life-giving, strength-giving, steal into its heart.

Even the howling storm and December's sharp frosts are of service, compelling it to drive deeper roots, to put forth protecting sheaths. Do you think that Nature, seen and unseen, takes such loving care for a tree and does not take an infinitely greater care for the work into which a good and brave man puts his life. You won't think so, I know well. For what I say here in plain modern language is the doctrine that lies at the bottom of all Bibles and Gospels, is the very open secret of this world.

For you, as I have said, the grand difficulty is at the beginning. Once you have your nucleus or core of loyal men of the right sort, the task of breaking in recruits will not be so great. There will be an assimilative absorbing force proceeding then not from the will of one man but of many, a strength of surrounding opinion which will bend the minds of the most refractory, a morale, *esprit de corps* code of honour upheld and maintained by the men themselves. You will therefore be most cautious and careful at the start, gathering around you in the first instance the very best men that you can procure, imparting to them your purposes and infusing into them something of your own spirit.

Your nucleus will be men of approved good conduct, and your men in authority gentlemen. Believe me it will be long before in Ireland, outside of the mad world of politics and newspapers,

that labouring men will not more gladly obey gentlemen than members of their own class. At all times the Irish aristocracy, landed interest, and professional classes have been casting off more or less well-bred youths of just the type 'that you need, and who, heretofore emigrating, have been lost to Ireland, or remaining at home have gone to the devil for sheer want of such a friend and benefactor as you. In the troublous times coming or come the members of these and of ruined landlords will increase. These, if they approve themselves worthy of the service, you will collect around you. Upon their honour at least you can rely. You require them, and as it were in the nick of time comes calamity driving them to your side. The last of the Desmonds had five hundred gentlemen in his service.

Your officers, I say, will be gentlemen all the better if of high and acknowledged rank. In spite of all the Republican rant of modern literature and politics, society is as a matter of fact based still on orders, classes, and degrees. "A man's a man for a' that." Yes, that clarion-song of Burns' sounds in all true men's ears like the voice of Eternal God, audible again in these modern days. It is the expression of eternal truth. So is the doctrine that a right line is the shortest distance between given points, yet rivers wander, and well-engineered roads wind this way and that. Rank

and birth are very solid facts, which you will not ignore, because as a matter of fact men, your men, are born, not in the white ideal of eternity, but in the many-coloured, varied, complicated practicalities of time, and the modern Irishman, in spite of all his political rhodomontade, does very deeply respect rank and birth. You will, I hope, in all things exhibit no love for the fantastical, for fads, crotchets, and theories, but always a sure and vital appreciation of the facts of things, consulting, before all books, ever, the best men who have themselves successfully, each in his degree and place, handled things and managed men. This book of mine you, once embarked in your career, once you have well taken your business by the throat, will forget and ignore. I mean it as nothing but the initial impulse. I but sound this in your ears, "Awake, sleeper." Well awake, the situation itself will teach you better than any man, certainly better than any man like me.

You will find, too, that like your feudal ancestors, you must avoid modern exclusiveness. There will be no gulf between you and your men. The landlord of old times did not feed in selfish and savage isolation, giving a big dinner once in a way to his tenantry—an ugly and hypocritical farce, as I can't help regarding the practice. The feudal landlord dined with his people and saw his ale go round, in days before men had learned to prate

about Liberty and Equality. We are all very free now, one man as good as another, if not a great deal better, yet the small shopkeeper and his wife would see their errand-boy damned before they would let him sit at their table. For it is a very mad world this modern democratic, ranting of Liberty, while it grows every day more slavish ; of Equality, while it develops the most inhuman modes of caste ; of Fraternity with fratricidal lips and the heart of old semi-human cannibals ; of Progress, while it marches straight as a ruled line into primæval barbarism, a barbarism ten times worse than that of the savage. And these fine words we write with capital letters and rave about as if a four-fold modern revelation, the four-sided figure of God, the square divine. As you enter upon your work, and as through experience the actual handling of facts—Nature's one true schoolmaster for you—you by degrees learn the law of the situation, you will discover, if I mistake not, that this matter of the public mess is not a little thing, but one of the most essential. All the wise men of the earth have known it. In all the Doric States of old Greece the ruling military class dined together, not casually or by mutual invitation, but compelled by law. So the wise founders of States ordained elsewhere, and especially in Lacedæmon. The diggers and delvers, the *periæci* or tenants, much less the helots, had indeed no place at those tables, but

your diggers and delvers will at yours—a vast difference, the difference between the old era and the new. The common mess. It has played a mighty part in the history of the world. He who came eating and drinking knew its value, though His suppers—dinners really—have long since degenerated into a superstitious rite. The feudal chiefs and barons had the secret, and well practised it in their stone halls or rude wattled palaces, eating and drinking with their men, so taught, not by historians and students, but by facts and close actual acquaintance with men and things. The king dined with his swineherds, literally so, much as it may surprise the modern mind. See O'Curry's "Manners and Customs of the Ancient Irish," vol. iii., page 145, where some ancient bard describes Ireland's High-King, *Ard-Righ Erenn Uile*, banqueting in Glan na Smole, Dodder-banks, with his people. Amongst those who sit and eat under the King's eye, mentioned quite casually, are the King's swineherds. Duff, Donn, and Dorcha, the swineherds, feast there too, the instruments of their profession racked above them and behind, on the wall, like the shield and spear of the warrior. Your men, if I see at all clearly the lines along which your work must expand and advance, will dine with you and your officers, and forget the rigours and sternnesses of the past and of the day in the glow and fraternity of the well-spread evening

board. And let me add another little touch of old-world wisdom :

“ Tell me, O grandson of Conn, what are the tokens of a fool ? ”

“ A laughing face in the council, and a serious one at the feast.”

Wise and witty this, I think. Such as might have been uttered by some laconic sage of the unwall'd city, pleasant and sarcastic over his black broth, by him said, and recorded by old Plutarch. Compare the stupid dinner-party of the moderns with the joviality of Parliament, revelling into the small hours. For, indeed, there has been a great deal of wisdom as well as valour and goodness in this poor distressful country, and her history, when you, or men such as you, dig it out like gold from the depths of our manuscripts and printed archives, will prove, in a sense you can now little realise, veritably a light to your feet and a lamp to your path, and more, far more than their Bible was to the heroic Puritan race, whose blood, too, flows in your veins. The spirit of old Noll, too, is here alive to-day, and works for ever in the heart of this Irish nation—that spirit so brave, tender, and refined, of whom some of us might cease telling lies, and with benefits innumerable draw near to and study, last and greatest of Christian men.

And of this, too, be certain, that of you so working, and though far away from the noisy and

inane world of politics, the light will not be hidden but seen afar and approached from all sides. Consider the growth of the great mediæval monasteries, renowned centres of learning and piety. St. Kevin, sick of the world and the world's ways, fleeing from the wrath of God, hies him to the wild fastnesses of Glendalough, there to study, pray, and till the earth. But he cannot be hid. Men in this sixth century, searching for wisdom, as now men search for hardly anything, even diamonds, find him out in his solitude, will not let him rest, he must teach them, guide them, rule them, a little band of godly brothers. And so their small fraternity grows and grows, becomes a famous monastery and school, and from all lands students in thousands flock thither, crossing mountains and stormy seas, seeing the light from afar. Pleasant Thackeray laughs, as he well might. Very weak he, in mediæval history, very incredulous of mediæval nobleness and enthusiasm. Let other laughers look into their Bede, Irish history lying still immured in her own archives and manuscripts. The spirit that filled St. Kevin, and that peopled the wilds of Glendalough with multitudes, so different from those who now in ceaseless droves, stung by some gadfly, rush thither perpetually to gape at the mountains and the lakes, has long since withdrawn, or passed elsewhere. The swarming life there, the noise of the schools, the converse of the wise, the hymning

and chaunting all silent now, teacher and student alike vanished, as their wooden huts and wattled booths, vanished, as one day will vanish the huts of the great common of Kildare, where the incredulous New Zealander will perhaps see or believe in nothing but the rolling billowy green.

To you, too, now, the times call trumpet-tongued, a rotten anarchic world calls, to run for its salvation a kindred course, exhibit kindred virtues. You, too, will turn your back on this devil-ridden world, and in wastes and solitudes, with a spirit like theirs, but for purposes truer and nobler, form there a power with which you may conquer back Ireland in the first instance. Where you lead many will follow. Your light, so it be pure and fed on the right fuel, will not be hid, will in turn beget kindred lights; stars of heaven's own fire, here and there over a benighted land, as here and there, Patrician or Columban, the old saints lit theirs, till the land shone, and dwellers by the Baltic and the far Danube saw it and blessed it, and from remote Iceland and the banks of the Nile ardent youth ran thither to learn, and pious elders came here to die. And as far and farther travelled Irish saints, kindling fire as they went, across Cimmerian Europe—Europe still dimly recognising the fact.

For I would not have you forget that, in a sense, your mission is a world one, and by no

means exclusively for your own order, or even your own nation. The plough to which I invite you to turn your hands, with forward-looking eyes, is the same plough to which the Son of Mary, so called in our monuments, set His, and drawn by the same immortal steeds. You will plough, harrow, and sow, not for yourself, or this Irish nation, but for all kindreds and tongues, as, once rightly at work, you will ere long perceive. For not alone will your industries, small and commonplace at first, send out shoots in directions most unexpected, ramifying afar, and in modes astonishing to yourself, but co-operation and aid will come from unknown quarters, and the most distant lands. So labouring, you will find that, begrimed though you be with the black of Mayo bogs, and though breaking your heart amongst awkward and mutinous squads of the Paddy-from-Cork species, inevitable Necessity, on her side, has been lacing to your strong shoulders, not the burthen of your afflicted class and ruinous nation, but of the whole world. St. Christopher undertook to carry a child across the stream—only a little wailing infant. But it was no child. And if this utterance seems hard and inexplicable to you, mind it not. Just do your duty in the plain sense in which you understand it.

For the path of duty which leads so far, to heights and depths mysterious and terrible, in this mysterious

existence of ours, has always too a significance the most commonplace, and a meaning apprehensible by the most ordinary understanding, issues which more often than not figure as pence or things that can be seen, felt, handled, tasted, and found good. And this right path which I invite you to enter needs for its justification no reference by me to things remote or far ulterior purposes. The commonest common sense, the most evident and familiar prudence, supply a sufficient justification. If you would make hay while the sun shines, and put money in your purse while money is procurable, you will act so, pretermittting, perhaps wisely ignoring, for the time all thought of ulterior aims. In a few years at most those rents which constitute the revenue of your little kingdom or industrial republic will have ceased to flow. This agrarian democracy now with great strides advancing to absolute power, will, on one pretext or another, have whittled them away. If you are wise you won't spend them upon sport or vice, dissipation or aimless hospitalities, upon dogs, horses, bitches, yachts, elections, foxes, or flunkies, nor roll them together with unmanly parsimony, hoping hereafter to utilise them as capital in a far-off land, where you, an exile, may, under strange conditions, begin a new life, these precious years all gone. You will use them here and now in the creation of personal property, and in the building up of a force that will

defend you and it. As I forecast the future of Ireland, while I see that real property will melt, will be ravaged away from its owners, at least in the form of rent, I perceive with equal clearness that personal property will, amongst us, and so far as it harmonises with the interests of any considerable number, be conspicuously secure. In countries like England, filled with a vast wage-receiving proletariat, personal property is not secure—anything but. If you spend your rents in the employment of labour and the creation of personal property you will do well, and if you employ your labour, not on commercial principles, but on principles of justice, you will do better, for around that property and around yourself you will have erected a defence, not of stones or of dykes, perishable, planted with perishable hawthorn or quickset, or of mere parchment laws of the pie-crust kind, but a defence of favouring opinion, a living enduring rampart, true and loyal men.

So far with regard to yourself and your interests, the policy which you shall most wisely adopt, in order that you, uptorn as a landlord, may again drive deep roots in your native land, not borne seaward on the whirling flood. But simultaneously, and while you labour for yourself, see what a well-fenced city of refuge amid the revolutionary deluge, you will have provided for the scattered waifs and remnants of your class, fleeing for their lives, to

those at least of them who may show themselves worthy of an open gate, or who on trial may be found reclaimable and fit for your service.

And of this be sure, that even amongst Irish landlords, amidst this ignoble herd of men, transformed to hogs, sheep, donkeys, around the feet of the enchantress Circe, brave men and true are there, though transformed. Though now with such dull brute faces they gaze from their styes and stalls misnamed places, castles, halls, etc., still under such bestial disguises beat human hearts, warmed yet by many a scarlet rivulet of the old heroic blood, throb still human brains from which the cup and rod of the enchantress have not yet erased will, intellect, and shame. Very sad are those faces that look out on me and you—yearning, wistful, unfathomably expressive, full of an unspeakable sorrow, standing there enchanted, as with a dumb but terrible cry, calling for deliverance. Dear friend, you must deliver them; you or no man. You will, in your own person, by your own courage and strength, the grace of God assisting, conquer the enchantress and deliver your brothers and comrades. Reject the cup. It all lies in that. You know the old story.

You, or no man. Through you must be breathed the breath of life into this dead and fossilised Irish patriciate. Not a prophet working miracles, not an archangel calling in thunder, could do it—but

you can; you or no man. Who, ever again, while the world rolls, will speak as to the princes and rulers of Jewry spoke the son of Amos, or as he who walked and prophesied by the river Chebar? And, after all, what availed their thunderings and threatenings, their immortal fire blazing as heaven's lightnings? We, too, have Moses and the prophets, and what boots it? Not from man's mouth, I clearly understand, blows the breath that can make dead things live. It exhales from deeds done, from a life led, exhales mysteriously from the body and soul, the actual living personality of brave men doing bravely brave things, doing wisely wise things. The spoken word, the written word, are here ineffectual, idle as the waste winds that howl and hiss across this Irish valley of the dead. Will these dead bones live? The answer is with you. The deed done, the life led, the actual living presence of one strong brave man, doing faithfully, doing conspicuously the work those remnants of humanity and their sires so foully shirked. This is the key, and this alone is the key which will unlock the divine gates, and loose for them the breath of life.

Without solicitation from you, now from this county, now from that, brought back miraculously to life by you, brave men like yourself, the charm undone, will start as if from tombs and do likewise, hearing your cry as on the ears of runaway soldiers

strikes the cry of the standard-bearer, hidden amid the ranks of the foe, the call, not of an orator or a writer, but of a man quitting himself like a man in a man's work, bearing the standard, facing death with the standard in his hand. Here and there all Ireland over they will arise, never doubt it, men whose voice will not be heard on platforms, or whose letters seen in the newspapers, and who will give politics and politicians a very wide berth indeed. A very ugly animal is the politician. "*Fœnum habet in cornu.*" Mad, my masters, or worse. By degrees you will find out your true friends, or they will find out you, with much mutual help arising out of the recognition and much mutual encouragement. If one is overwhelmed by local anarchy, the spirit of mutiny and disorder too strong for him, you will send your trained men to help him, or he will do the same for you; or you will help each other in funds or otherwise, gradually combining, coalescing, join together under central control. Though you and they should perish, as sure as God lives, your work will not; though your bodies be riddled with bullets or your brains strewn on the earth from the spades of savage hinds, be sure that no bullet can end its life or savage hinds destroy. So felt and so worked the old Christians and the great English Reformers. "Be of good cheer, Master Ridley; we will this day light a fire in England which the world will never

quench," and to a task greater than theirs I summon you. Paganism is dead and gone this many a day, slain here by a man as brave and good as ever trod the earth. Consider in what spirit he wrought, the son of Calpurn here too on this Irish soil. These are his words—sealed by deeds :

"I beseech Him to grant me that with these proselytes and captives I may pour out my blood for His name, even if my body should be denied burial and be miserably torn limb from limb by dogs or fierce beasts, or though the birds of the air should devour it."

And again :

"I daily expect either death or some treachery or slavery."

And once more, and touching the principles on which he expended his money, and he seems to have been rich—rich enough to have hired little armies for the defence of his proselytes, of noble birth, too, and high connections.

"For although I have baptized so many thousand men, did I expect even half a screpall (scruple) from them? Tell me, and I will restore it to you. Or, when the Lord ordained clergy through my humble ministry and services, did I not confer the grace with-

out reward? If I have asked of any even the value of my shoe, tell me and I will repay; I rather spent for you as far as I was able."

And so around and after this man arose the Irish nation like the moon-stirred tides of the sea, or as in the Greek fable stocks and stones followed that primæval chanter of celestial melodies, for truth and courage, love and justice, and the perception and enactment of the divine laws are the deepest music and the strongest. The other that enters through the ear is but a type and an echo. The spirit in which the Reformers worked you know. Well, Paganism is long since dead, and mediæval superstition, swollen up these modern times as with dropsies, is dying. She has been to the wars, the termagant, and come home, not with victory perched on her banners. She carries lead in her heart; never mind the galvanic contortions. Now and here the foes with whom we are called upon to grapple as for life and death are so different. Anarchy as wide as the world, shoreless and bottomless, not here only but everywhere. Materialism, the gross and sensual perception of things grossly and sensually pleasant, and of those alone; and like a thin bright varnish, Hypocrisy, political, commercial, social, and religious, concealing from the vulgar eye whither all these things tend. A world, rotting

from top to bottom and from centre to surface, with hardly a part or atom where the stream of life still throbs, summons you to its aid, and not at all generally, but here in your own land, where moulders the dust of so many generations of brave men, your ancestors, who in their time did actually do the work to which the times called them. For unless you approach this work in the same spirit as that which filled the saints and heroes of old, better not approach it at all.

Once well entered on your task, aiding influences innumerable will be on your side, influences good and bad, but all of which, I hope, will be good to you. This foolish modern world, stuffed with newspaper views of things, and drunk with novels and sham poetry, is ever ready to fall into maudlin ecstasies over any indication of generosity and unselfishness, especially if exhibited in men at all conspicuous for rank and birth. High birth at all times implies high worth, and a life, as poet Keats writes, "high-sorrowful" with noble labour for noble things. All this was once taken as a matter of course. The ceaseless heroic energy of the old barons and chiefs, fighting, ruling, organising, till the flame of life flickered down, was nothing thought of by others or themselves. It was all in the day's work, like the praying of the monk and the digging of the hind. Nowa-

days if a Gordon throws himself into a dangerous position and exhibits some quaint Christian qualities, or a Shaftesbury tries to run a drain or two through the Dismal Swamp of London pauperism and vice, the world falls into a trance and delirium of exquisite emotion. There are rich old women of both sexes who would pour out a very Pactolus of gold for men of rank doing the work to which I invite you. Of funds for your work there will be no lack, depend upon that. If your rents are not sufficient to develop your enterprises, gold enough will come to you from all points of the compass; gold, till you cry: "Hold, enough!" This pecuniary side of the business is really the smallest, its importance hardly of the bigness of a speck. Of far more importance to you, and of infinitely more value, will be the volunteers, the brave and the good, who will gather around you. They are born everywhere. Fecund Nature pours them from her deep womb in ceaseless streams. They issue for ever upon the earth, and generally in these days go to the devil in one form or another. Some become Anglican clergymen or monks, following those old will-o'-the-wisp lights till they perish in worse than Serbonian bogs; some take to politics, Radical politics generally, and Mr. Henry George, inflamed with visions of revolutionary paradises presided over by a Prince of Peace; some to literature,

poetry, and art, and lay their bones around the feet of that Queen of the Sirens,

She who rose
The tallest of them all and fairest.

Others, baulked, crossed, disappointed, unable to harmonise heroic imaginings with a most unheroic and scornful world, take to whisky and water, or set sail for the Isle of Paphos, where just now, if we except the whisky opening, lies the broadest and most inviting of the avenues to Avernus. All perish for lack of a career, for lack of men braver, stronger, and wiser than themselves, who will lead them and rule them. For they are all children of the light, not of the dark; youths who see the light, its beauty, and feel its sovereign vital lamp, though without guidance, loving care, chastisement too, they cannot walk in it. Volunteers, I say, of all kinds and types will flock towards you; youths brave and bold, high-spirited, of mettle and honour, gracious, too, and gentle, the man-ruling-born captains of the world; youths with plotting, planning, deep-calculating brains, scientific or otherwise; tongues of fire, that can inflame men with their own burning zeal, tongues dropping words of wisdom in the secret ear; youths studious and literary (don't forget this one great task of the future Ireland's history); men and minds of many types and of all types, see that you make yourself fit to be

their king. As sure as I write these words they will gather to you from the north, the south, the east, and the west, out of Ireland, and out of all lands.

There are many other things which I would like to bring under your notice, but the subject has a sort of infinite character, branching off in directions numberless. For the present, at least, I have perhaps written sufficient; and I know that little, very little, depends on the extent or power of the language used by me. All will come from the heart, conscience, and imagination of you, your courage, energy, and wisdom, the good grace assisting of Him who fashioned of old—surely for some high purpose—this sea-girt land of ours, here in the wild Western main, and has guided so far upon its road this wayward Irish race, ever onward and upward—guided and also compelled, driven many times as with fiery whips, for it is a tameless people this, none on the earth's surface in such need of the whip and rein, having, indeed, much of the wild ass in its composition—ever onward and upward through the centuries, as I clearly see; but whether upward still or straight down to perdition will depend, I say it most seriously and deliberately, on you, dear friend, to whom He has given understanding and material power, and to whom sent for final warning this last and most terrible of all prophets—Revolution-prophet and

executioner in one. Ireland and her destinies hang upon you, literally so. Either you will re-fashion her, moulding us anew after some human and heroic pattern, or we plunge downwards into roaring revolutionary anarchies, where no road or path is any longer visible at all. And, dear friend, a word at parting : Make haste.

THE END.

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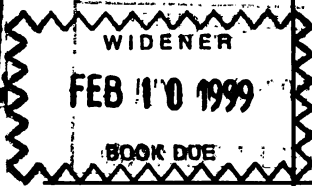
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